The Outlook

APRIL 19, 1916

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THE STORY OF THE WAR: WHO SANK THE SUSSEX?

The text of Germany's official disclaimer as regards the Sussex includes a denial of the charge that the Sussex was sunk by a German submarine, but admits that a German submarine sank a steamship on the day and near the place of the sinking of the Sussex. The sinking of other ships on which American life was endangered or which were "liners"—namely, the Englishman, the Eagle Point, and the Berwindvale—is admitted, but it is alleged that they refused to stop when warned. Thus the German Government, in place either of full denial or admission and justification of the charges made, partly admits and partly denies the alleged facts. The explanation of Germany that a German submarine did not torpedo the Sussex *because* it torpedoed another vessel at practically the same place and the same time, and that, furthermore, Germany knows that this vessel—whose loss, by the way, has never been reported—was not the Sussex because the submarine commander took the precaution before sinking her to draw a picture of her and the picture does not correspond with a picture of the Sussex printed in the London "Daily Graphic"—such an explanation is no explanation at all. It is hardly worth the consideration of self-respecting adults.

As regards the Sussex, the question also naturally arises: If we admit that a German submarine did not sink it, by whom or by what was it destroyed? Germany takes the view that the almost wholesale destruction of shipping that has taken place within the last month or so has been due to floating mines, and intimates that the mines were of British origin. It stretches human credulity to believe that the British have strewn the waters traversed by their own vessels and those of neutrals with floating mines; it does not stretch credulity, however, to imagine that Germany has done this; it is absurd to attempt to explain the blowing up of such a large number of ships, big and little, by pure accident.

In all the discussion that comes from Germany as regards the Sussex one finds constantly reappearing the German assumption that in accepting long ago the German pledge not to sink "liners" by submarines without warning, and, we may add, in proclaiming the existence of that pledge as a great diplomatic victory, our Government has agreed to recede from its former and larger demands. The assertion in Germany now that, even if Americans are endangered, the United States has nothing to say about the destruction of freighters, brings home forcibly what The Outlook urged at the time of that pledge, that is, that, if the United States tacitly allows it to be understood that to abstain from sinking passenger ships without warning is all that it requires from Germany, the United States makes itself practically an accomplice in the destruction of non-combatant life which such a policy involves. American sailors on foreign merchant ships—and there are many such—are precisely as much entitled to protection from their Government as passengers in their cabins. Moreover, our Government has in its notes laid down more than once the principle that it will not accept the German view, which justifies attacks on belligerent merchant ships without warning and without offense given, as legitimate either under international law or as reprisals. The natural consequence of our half-heartedness in maintaining these announced principles is one cause of the widespread and totally indefensible attacks on this class of non-combatant ships.

THE LONG STRUGGLE AT VERDUN

As we write (April 12) the series of attacks on the outer position of Verdun, now in the eighth week, is still in progress and without decisive result. One French account alleges that the Germans have employed in all thirty-

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two divisions (a division is about twenty thousand men). Even if they succeeded by repeated assaults and gradual gains in pushing back the line of the Verdun salient so that the great battle-line between the German forces and the Allies becomes continuous instead of, as now, broken by a projecting curve extending from the main French line to the north, it may well be a question whether the gain to the Germans is worth the price involved in the stupendous loss of men and material. It must always be remembered that in the fighting of a year and a half along the western battle-line it is not towns or even forts, in the old sense, that count. The old stone fort is a thing of the past; steel-covered fortifications like those at Liège and Antwerp are of no avail against the biggest German guns. What defends the Verdun position is not forts, but an immensely intricate combination of trenches, barbed-wire works, hidden pits for guns, and concealed batteries placed on hills so as to throw a cross-fire of explosive shells on any force that approaches. The defense is largely mobile, and as small gains are made against the exterior lines it becomes more concentrated toward the center. The wooded hills around Verdun have been used in the most scientific conceivable way to support the defense.

The German attack on the northeast and the northwest has been an attempt to edge forward on the general line of defense and to drive back the French from these fortified heights. Thus last week the fighting, which was quite severe, centered on the west of the River Meuse, around the famous Dead Man's Hill and two equally important hills called 295 and 304. If the Germans can force a passage between these hills and the River Meuse, they have simply overcome what may be called the outer line of resistance. They would still have before them other hills, some three or four miles from Verdun, to which the French forces and artillery, withdrawn from the outer positions, may retire and continue the struggle. In other words, the gain made recently in this vicinity, which includes the occupation of the towns of Malancourt, Bethincourt and Haucourt, to the west of this Dead Man's Hill region, and also some advance to the east of these hills, while it is of distinct value to the German attack, is in no way conclusive. Active fighting also took place on the other end of the German line of attack—that is, to the northeast of Verdun in the neighborhood of Vaux. At both ends of the attack counter-attacks by the French recaptured some of the ground gained by the Germans, and the total permanent gain does not seem to have been very large.

THE ATROCITY OF ILL-TREATING PRISONERS OF WAR

One hopes that there may be proved to be exaggeration in the report of the British Foreign Office on the treatment of British prisoners of war at the German prison camp in Wittenberg during the typhus epidemic last year. It seems almost incredible that such inhumanity as is here claimed could exist, yet the report as telegraphed from London is minute and detailed. The evidence was gained largely from prisoners who have reached England, including British doctors and officers.

It is alleged that even before the appearance of typhus the overcrowding was serious. When the dread disease did appear, in December, 1914, the report asserts that the German Staff, military and medical, "precipitately left the camp," staying away until August, 1915. During this time no medical attention was provided by the German Staff, and what attention the prisoners had was from British, Russian, and French doctors. Supplies were pushed into the camp over chutes. Dr. Aschenbach, who was the German medical official in charge of the camp, only once, the report asserts, during the course of the epidemic entered the hospital or even the camp. Yet it is said that he has been awarded the Iron Cross for his distinguished conduct. Needed drugs and surgical dressings were terribly lacking. The sufferings and privations of the afflicted prisoners, says the report, were directly chargeable to the deliberate cruelty and neglect of German officials. The commandant of the camp has been removed, but Dr. Aschenbach still remains medical officer. With the passing of the epidemic, after frightful sufferings and mortality, ordinary conditions have been restored. The report gives a most affecting and horrible account of the privations and filthy conditions under which the camp was placed during the epidemic.

THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR'S SPEECH

The address in the German Reichstag on April 5 by the Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg, had been widely an-

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nounced in advance as a final, definite, and comprehensive declaration of Germany's attitude and intentions. It was, in fact, largely made up of assertions without evidence, of declamation which tended toward the vainglorious, and of presentation of the German military and economic situation which may be mildly described as optimistic. On the real meaning implied in the success of Germany The Outlook speaks editorially in another place this week. We here summarize very briefly a few of the points touched upon by the Chancellor.

Reports that Germany contemplated aggression against the United States the Chancellor declared the "silliest of all the imputations invented against us;" the idea of future acquisition of territory on American soil, as in Brazil or elsewhere, is "equally silly." The problems of nationality, as related to Poles, Belgians, and other small peoples, were not, he said, problems raised by Germany and Austria, but must now be solved by them. "The Polish question must and will be solved by Germany and Austria-Hungary. After the war there must be a new Belgium." "We must create real guarantees that Belgium never shall be a Franco-British vassal, never shall be used as a military or economic fortification against Germany." As to the possibilities of peace, the Chancellor misrepresented the Allies' position to be "the definitive and complete destruction of Prussia's military power," rather than the destruction of Prussia's military dominance or threatened military dominance over Europe; there is a vast difference between military power and world militarism. He represented Mr. Asquith and himself as sitting down at a table to examine the possibilities of peace, and imagined Mr. Asquith making at the outset the claim in the sentence just quoted. "The conversation," said the Chancellor, "would be ended before it began. To these peace conditions only one answer could be left, and this answer our sword must give." As to the military situation, with glowing rhetoric the Chancellor told of standing with the Kaiser at a point on the German line of the east where they had stood together just a year before, and reported the Kaiser's deep gratitude to God and the army at the advance made in Russia during that time.

The other German gains were outlined with equal fervor, and victorious progress was predicted in the future, with a denial that the German military force had been expended and an intimation that the operations at Verdun had been carefully planned and would be carried to the extreme. As to the starvation plan attributed to Great Britain, the Chancellor roundly declared that Germany is equal to the task of distributing food supplies, intimated that there was no real shortage in essentials, and gave a very favorable view of crop and food conditions —a view which oddly contrasts with the agonized declarations of Germany, when discussing submarine war, that Great Britain is starving German women and children. The submarine issue itself was not expounded or defended by reason or law, but was alluded to in the phrase: "No one can ask us to permit our arms of defense to be wrested from our hands. We use them, and must use them. We respect legitimate rights of neutral trade and commerce, but we cannot expect that this be appreciated and that our right way and our duty be recognized to use all means against this policy of starvation"—again a declaration inconsistent with the Chancellor's previous assertions that Germany is not being starved.

In reply to the Imperial Chancellor's speech, Mr. Asquith, at a dinner in London to French Deputies visiting England, referred to a sentence by the Chancellor to the effect that if he would speak of peace proposals he must first see the enemy's proposals. The English Premier's comment on this was:

> What, therefore, the Chancellor means by his readiness to enter negotiations is that the initiation should come from us and the decision rest with him. We must assume the attitude of the defeated to a victorious adversary. But we are not defeated, and we are not going to be defeated, and the Allies are solemnly bound not to seek or accept a separate peace.

SWITZERLAND AND THE WAR

We have more than once referred to the malign influence of the war upon the Swiss Republic. The German-speaking population of Switzerland naturally sympathizes with the struggles of its race in Germany. But up to a very recent time, while there has been some personal friction between the French and German Swiss, they have been united in their defense of the rights of the Helvetian Repub-

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lic. Lately, however, Switzerland has been shaken to the very center. Two high officers of the Swiss army were accused of transmitting important military information regarding Switzerland to the Teutonic allies. They did not deny having transmitted certain papers, but asserted that it was done in the course of ordinary diplomatic intercourse. The matter was taken into the civil courts. The two officers were acquitted of treasonable action, but were turned over to the military authorities for such discipline as the military branch of the Government might find to be appropriate. We have been permitted to see a private letter from a French-speaking Swiss to a relative in this country which throws some interesting light upon the situation :

" You know that we Swiss have been profoundly impressed and agitated by recent events here. For a time there was considerable fear that the German-speaking and French-speaking inhabitants of Switzerland might come to blows. Indeed, the military authorities who have ruled the country under martial law during the past eighteen months went so far at one time as to prepare to take away ammunition from the French-speaking troops as a precautionary measure against possible disorders or uprisings. This action aroused anger in some quarters and sorrow and humiliation in others. Our easy-going faith in national Swiss institutions and in the federation of the Swiss people has experienced a rude shock from a moral as well as a psychological point of view. Shocks of this nature, which seem to be increasing in number in different countries, are by no means an evil, for they compel people to do more real thinking and to abandon their habitual apathy. . . . What a transformation is taking place in England! She will be a totally different and in many respects a better country after the war. And the United States is beginning to show evidence of an awakening. It appears as if a transformation may take place there also."

This Swiss observer concludes by saying that the war seems to be putting the world through a process of regeneration. With this interpretation of the European war The Outlook most profoundly agrees. The United States must share in this process of regeneration or it will certainly find itself overwhelmed in a catastrophe, for some of the dangers that menace the Swiss people also threaten us.

CANADA AND THE MUNITIONS SCANDAL

Canada is at the present time concerned with much the same problem that confronted the United States in both the Civil and the Spanish Wars—the problem of keeping those who have contracts for war materials out of politics. For some months there have been rumors of undue profits and political favoritism. Charges have been made principally against what is called the Shell Committee, a committee at Ottawa intrusted with the purchase of munitions for the British Government. The Liberal party in Canada has pressed for an investigation of the acts of this Committee, but the Conservative Government now in power has until recently refused to order such an investigation. The ground given for this refusal was that the Shell Committee was acting for the British Government and that the Canadian authorities had no jurisdiction over its activities.

As a result of the general charges that have been made, an agent acting for the British Government came to Canada. His visit was followed by a complete change in the composition of the Shell Committee. Now a Liberal Member of Parliament has charged that a contract for shell fuses amounting to $22,000,000 was let by the Shell Committee with the approval of Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defense for Canada, to two companies, the paid-up capital of which at the time the contract was let amounted to about $4,000! The Shell Committee, it is alleged, paid these two companies an advance of some $3,000,000 on account. The charge is also made that a large amount of this money was divided in commissions among interested parties. When these charges were openly made in the Canadian Parliament, the Government consented to refer the matter to two judges—Sir William R. Meredith, Chief Justice of Ontario, and the Hon. Lyman P. Duff, a judge of the Canadian Supreme Court. The Liberals claimed that the controversy should be referred to a Parliamentary committee, but they were voted down, although four Conservatives left the Government side and supported them. It is probable that a careful judicial investigation will be made.

Sir Sam Hughes was in England at the time the charges were made. He has volunteered to return whenever his presence is wanted by those who are investigating the charges. Sir Sam Hughes is a man of

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interesting personality and of great energy. He has done valuable work in the organization of Canada for defense. His critics are, however, not confined to the members of the opposition party. Indeed, though the charges against the Shell Committee were first brought to light by the Liberal party, party politics have by no means been a controlling factor in the demand for an investigation. With the sacrifices which have been made by Canadians of all classes for the cause of the Allies, it has proved a bitter thought that there may be those who are willing to mint the patriotism and unselfishness of Canada into gold for their own pockets. We hope, for the sake of democratic self-government in this hemisphere, that these charges will be proved untrue.

AMERICANISM AND FREE SPEECH

Dr. Edmund von Mach, who is prominently identified with organized German-American propaganda in this country, is reported in the New York "Times" to have denounced the part which Mr. J. P. Morgan, the well-known banker, took in placing the recent Anglo-French loan in this country, to have said that this made him an enemy of Germany, and that "his life is not worth the paper that the worthless Anglo-French bonds were printed on if the Teutonic allies or any regular commissioned officer of theirs can get hold of his person."

Dr. von Mach now asserts that, while this phraseology was contained in the typewritten copy of his speech given out to the newspapers, he modified the language in his public address. But he still says in a letter to the "Times" that on account of his connection with the Anglo-French loan Mr. Morgan is an enemy of Germany and could be captured by Germany and treated as an enemy outside of the three-mile limit on the Atlantic Ocean and would be entitled to no protection from the Government of the United States.

Whether Mr. Morgan would receive protection from the United States or not is a moot question, but the status of Dr. von Mach is not a moot question if he is a citizen of the United States. He has attacked the legal act of a fellow-citizen and denounced him as an enemy of a foreign Power. If Dr. von Mach is not an American but a German citizen he has certainly, to put it mildly, transgressed upon the hospitality of the American people. If during the Spanish-American War the Deutsche Bank in Berlin had sold Spanish bonds in Germany (which, of course, it would have had a perfect right to do) and Mr. Bryan in a public speech in Berlin had said that if the President of the Deutsche Bank passed outside the three-mile limit his life would not be worth the worthless paper on which these bonds were written, what would Dr. von Mach have said about the matter? How would the German Government have acted?

Dr. Charles W. Dabney, the distinguished President of the University of Cincinnati, whose broad and human view of American rights was set forth in an article on Mexico in The Outlook of March 22, recently wrote a letter to Congressman J. Campbell Cantrell, of Kentucky, one of his kinsmen, urging Mr. Cantrell to stand by the President during Mr. Wilson's controversy with Congress over the right of American citizens to travel on foreign non-combatant ships. This letter was published without the knowledge of Dr. Dabney. The result was that the German-American Alliance of Cincinnati called upon the trustees of the University of Cincinnati to suppress Dr. Dabney in the following language, over the signature of Judge John Schwaab, President of the Alliance; Emil Kramer, and H. C. Burger:

> It is to be deplored that the President of the University of Cincinnati, Dr. Charles W. Dabney, has seen fit to express repeatedly and uncalled for his own views in pretendedly private letters in attempts to foist his dangerous notions, personal fallacies, and National antipathies upon the community, and to turn the tide of opinion to his own liking.
>
> The German-American Alliance considers such procedure a presumption deserving of signal and severest condemnation, being attempted by one who is merely a public servant, and as such is subject and subservient to public control. The members of the German-American Alliance demand most energetically that either Dr. Charles W. Dabney desist in future from all similar agitatory acts or that in case of non-compliance he be compelled to do so by proper authorities.

The significance of this protest lies in the fact that the University of Cincinnati is partly a municipal institution and that it implies the use of political pressure to suppress President Dabney's right of free speech. If President Dabney had said, "The life of Judge John Schwaab is not worth the paper that his protest is written on if the Anglo-

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French allies or one of their commissioned officers can get hold of him," we should be wholly in sympathy with the protest and should support Judge Schwaab, as we now hope he will support good American citizens in a protest against the utterances of Dr. von Mach. But President Dabney made no such statement. He asked a Congressman of the United States to support the President of the United States in defending American rights, and this the German-American Alliance of Cincinnati, in an official pronouncement, calls "an agitatory act"! Comment seems superfluous.

THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION INTO MEXICO

The American line of advance into Mexico is now (April 12) said to extend four hundred miles, and is daily lengthening. But the much-talked of protocol between Carranza and our Government still "hangs fire;" on it depends a complete solution of the question of our use of Mexican railways; and it looks as if Carranza were holding back on this important point in order to gain compensating advantages in the other parts of this attempt to adjust the limits of action of our forces. It has been asserted, but not proved, that Carranza wants to limit the extent of our advance in miles. From the American point of view, it may be urged that, if we drive Villa four hundred miles south, Carranza ought to be able to bar his way farther. Apparently Carranza is unable to govern Mexico or enforce his will because he is in fear of rivals, military and political, and knows that his army in northern Mexico is largely made up of Villa's old soldiers. It is reported, however, that General Obregon is organizing a special army of Yaquis and Magos to take up the task of penning in the bandits.

Where is Villa? Is he alive or dead? What is his probable intention if still alive? A whole sheaf of contradictory rumors appear from day to day. That he is wounded seems fairly well established; the rumors of his death from his wound seem to have no evidence back of them; he (or his band) was at last accounts still driving south toward Parral from Satevo, near which place American cavalrymen had on April 8 a fight with some band of Villistas; the probability at this writing seems to be that the main Villa band is making for a strong natural fortress in the mountains of southern Chihuahua known as Guadalupe y Calvo. The problem of capturing or completely dispersing the bandits does not seem easy of solution.

How far shall we carry the pursuit? is a question generally asked, and some surprise has been expressed at the announcement that General Funston's general order from the War Department does not quite agree with the President's statement that the expedition was "for the single purpose of capturing Villa," in that General Funston's orders were merely to desist from pursuit "as soon as Villa's band or bands are broken up."

Elsewhere in this issue will be found the first article on the Mexican expedition by The Outlook's special correspondent, Mr. Gregory Mason.

THE PRE-NOMINATION CAMPAIGN

There is no Democratic pre-nomination campaign. Everybody concedes the renomination of President Wilson. But there are so many conflicting currents and so much rapidity of movement in the course of the Republican pre-nomination campaign that it is impossible to make at this time any very definite statements of fact regarding it. Not much more can be done than to point out eddies here and there.

No sooner had the acute public interest subsided in the meeting two weeks ago of Senator Lodge, Mr. Root, Mr. Roosevelt, and General Wood over the luncheon table at the house of Mr. Robert Bacon than it was excited again by the publication of a statement of prominent New York Republicans urging Mr. Root for the Presidency. Seventy men signed the statement, and among them was an unusually large number of men of distinction and National influence. It is believed that this statement indicates the fact that Mr. Root, whatever his personal inclinations are, will be presented at the Chicago Republican Convention as a candidate for the Presidency. Another strong body of men, politically speaking, led by Governor Whitman, are behind the candidacy of Justice Hughes. At the recent primaries in the city of New York Frederick C. Tanner was re-elected Chairman of the Republican State Committee. He was opposed by "Boss" William Barnes, the Republican National Committeeman from New York, and his election is generally recognized as a serious political blow to the prestige of Mr. Barnes. The defeat of Mr. Barnes in his libel suit against

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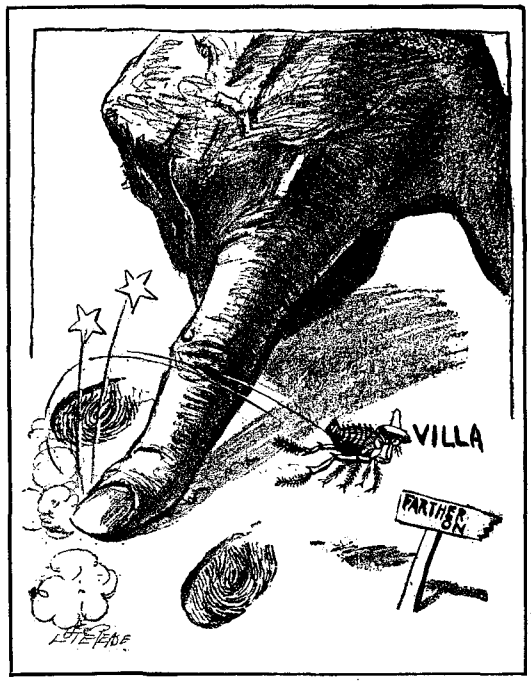
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Stanley in the Peoria Transcript

Pease in the Newark Evening News



"DRAT THAT FLEA!"

Starrett in the New York Tribune

Chamberlain in the New York Evening Sun

THE MEXICAN JUMPING BEAN

THE ELUSIVE VILLA SUGGESTS SIMILAR IDEAS TO VARIOUS CARTOONISTS

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

"I'M NO UNCLE SAM!"

HOLLAND MAY DO SOMETHING BESIDES WRITING NOTES

From Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris)

IN BERLIN

"You are hiding your gold teeth; they must be given up to the Government."

"But then I couldn't eat!"

"You can go without eating; it won't be long before you'll have nothing to eat, anyway!"

A FRENCH SATIRE ON THE GERMANS' REQUISITION OF METALS

From the Philadelphia Evening Ledger

COMING BACK

THE RUSSIAN RETURN DRIVE

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Mr. Roosevelt, followed by this defeat in an important political contest in the State of New York, is regarded as the beginning of his gradual disappearance from any important position in the arena of National politics.

In the progress of these events Mr. Roosevelt's name has grown in importance as that of a very important if not predominant factor in the National situation. The result is that people are asking more and more what Mr. Roosevelt would do with regard to National problems if elected President. There appears at present no way that this question can be answered on behalf of Justice Hughes, but there is a definite, comparatively brief, and easily accessible source of information with regard to Mr. Roosevelt's views and methods of action in National affairs. The current issue of the "*Metropolitan Magazine*" contains an article by Mr. William Hard reviewing in a most interesting way the foreign policy of the Roosevelt Administration during the seven years that Mr. Roosevelt was President of the United States. In a recent statement Mr. Roosevelt stated that this article and the biography recently published by ex-Congressman Charles G. Washburn, of Massachusetts, contain all the information necessary to answer questions as to what kind of foreign policy he advocates for the United States.

Of course no one can prophesy what will be the action of the Republican Convention in June. Undoubtedly the feeling of irreconcilables who cannot forgive Mr. Roosevelt for having opposed Mr. Taft in 1912 will find expression in the Convention. But it is significant that Mr. Robert C. Morris, of New York, a lawyer exceptionally experienced in international law, former President of the New York Republican Club, recently Chairman of the New York Republican County Committee, and an active supporter of Mr. Taft in 1912, has issued a public statement urging the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Morris reviews in a masterly fashion the great issues of the day, and concludes that most of the talked-of candidates, the "favorite sons" of the different States, "may be dismissed at once. The American people haven't the slightest interest in these men. . . . There are only two names now before the public that really arouse spontaneous enthusiasm. The first of these is Justice Hughes."

But Mr. Morris points out that "Mr. Hughes cannot discuss pending questions without resigning. There is not the slightest likelihood that he will resign. If the Republicans nominate Mr. Hughes, therefore, they will nominate an unknown quantity. They will nominate a man of the highest character and ability, but one whose lips are artificially sealed on the great problems facing us."

Therefore, concludes Mr. Morris, there is but one logical candidate left. "Americanism is the great issue before us. . . . This, not political maneuvering, will make Roosevelt the Presidential candidate—circumstances are logically and inexorably selecting him. We cannot stop it if we would. Not even Roosevelt himself can stop it."

THE RIGHT WAY TO DEAL WITH THE TARIFF

A Tariff Commission Bill is now before Congress. It was introduced into the lower house by Mr. Henry T. Rainey, of Illinois, a member of the Ways and Means Committee. It has the sanction, we understand, of a majority of that Committee, is understood to be approved by the President, and it also meets with the approval of the Tariff Commission League. We have already spoken in commendation of the work of the Tariff Commission League, and we consider its indorsement of this bill a practical guarantee that it contains no dangerous or doubtful provisions.

The right way to deal with tariff revision, as The Outlook has over and over again insisted, is by a permanent non-partisan tariff commission with positive power—not a mere academic, advisory, uncertain commission, such as that which undertook under very discouraging circumstances to deal with the subject some years ago. The old way of tariff legislation was unscientific, unbusinesslike, and inefficient. The tariff schedules were treated together, and the changes made disregarded the special requirements of each schedule in order to make a whole which would be politically acceptable. We are rejoiced that at last the principle of scientific study of all matters relating to the many tariff schedules and a presentation of this knowledge in a non-partisan way to Congress will, if this bill passes, as seems probable, take the place of the old vague and shifting methods.

The new Tariff Commission Bill provides for a commission which shall be non-partisan, its six members to be appointed by the President with the advice of the Senate, but not

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more than three to be members of the same political party, and no one eligible to membership who has served in either house of Congress. The salary to be paid the members ($12,000 per year) is large enough to secure real experts and able men. A permanent appropriation is provided, so that work shall not be hampered by waiting for special appropriations, perhaps withheld through political enmity. It is forbidden to disclose trade secrets and secret processes under definite penalties. The commission is empowered and directed, not only to investigate every kind of question relating to tariff matters, prices, materials, classification, and other such things both abroad and at home, but to make reports and investigations either to the President or to the proper committees of Congress whenever called for, and also to make an annual report without request which shall give a summary of the work done and the facts obtained. Very full powers are given to the commission to obtain evidence and data, to summon witnesses, to compel the production of books, and to enforce its actions in these directions, if necessary, by appeal to the district courts of the United States, which may punish failures to meet the requirements of the commission as contempt. In short, the bill seems as it stands broad and thorough, and its non-partisanship is carefully guarded.

We cannot better state the value of this method of approaching the tariff question than by quoting from the indorsement of the Tariff Commission League:

> For three generations we have worried along under tariffs made for political expediency. Every tariff act during this time has been honeycombed with favoritism, misinformation, twisted facts, and juggled classification. None have worked out as promised, and, one after another, they have been repudiated by the people. It is time to call a halt; it is time to substitute scientific accuracy for reckless conjecture, to substitute facts for fancy, and to make tariffs for the benefit of all and not for the advantage of the few.

MILITARY TRAINING AT HARVARD

The most encouraging thing about the campaign for adequate military preparedness in the United States is that it is a popular movement. Officialdom has lagged behind private enterprise. The preparedness movement is thoroughly democratic in source and spirit.

An indication of this is to be found in the very widespread effort among our colleges to do their proper share towards the training of an officers' reserve. It is not a brass-button affair that our college students have entered upon, but a serious endeavor to fit themselves for usefulness and activity in time of National need.

It may seem invidious in this connection to single out one university for comment, but a striking example of how the problem of preparedness can best be approached in our colleges is being supplied by Harvard University. As the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin" points out, the feature of the preparedness movement at Harvard which has attracted most attention has been the creation of the Harvard Regiment, a strictly student enterprise in which nearly a thousand undergraduates of Harvard are taking an active part. A picture of the Harvard "Rookies" at their first outdoor drill is published on another page.

That this drilling of students constitutes only a small part of Harvard's contribution to the cause of preparedness may be judged by the efforts which the University itself is making to provide courses for the training of candidates for appointment as reserve officers in the United States army. The course of training which has been mapped out by the University authorities has already received the provisional approval of the War College Division and the General Staff. If Congress at the present session passes the Reserve Officers' Training Corps Act, which provides for military instruction by army officers, not only in the "land grant colleges," at which such teaching is required, but also at institutions of a class to which Harvard belongs, where at least one hundred physically fit male students are under military instruction, Harvard will be already in position to shoulder her share of the work. To show that the training required for an officer is of value in a civilian career, it may be said that of the courses required by the proposed Act for the training of officers all but two are already in the Harvard curriculum.

A REPTILE IN POLITICS

Together with the picture which we publish this week of the Harvard students in training, there is another illustration showing the other side of the preparedness shield. It is a picture of a Stegosaurus. This fearsome animal was carried up and down the streets of

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New York as conclusive proof of the folly of preparedness. The morals drawn from the career of the Stegosaurus on earth, as adduced by the Anti-Preparedness Committee, may be classed under the head of "interesting if true."

How true they were may be judged by a letter which Mr. W. D. Matthew, of the American Museum of Natural History, recently contributed to the New York "Times." His letter supplies a comment both on current politics and natural history which may be studied with profit. He writes in part:

I am bound to say that the gentlemen responsible for the recent dinosaur parade selected a very unfortunate illustration for their purpose. There are, as we want every one in New York to know, dinosaurs and dinosaurs. Some of them were ferocious carnivorous giants which preyed upon their peaceful vegetarian neighbors. These latter, it seems, resorted to three different methods of self-protection. Some of them, the so-called armored dinosaurs, went in for self-defense and became covered by heavy plates of bony armor. Others, the amphibious dinosaurs, gigantic in size but unarmored and helpless, retreated into ever deeper water to escape the assaults of their enemies, and developed a long neck which, like the periscope of a submarine, would enable them to see and breathe while remaining submerged and out of reach of enemies. A third group, mostly of little fellows, sought safety in flight, and developed first-class sprinting qualities.

Now all these things happened quite early in the age of reptiles, and these different kinds of dinosaurs—some of them—lived and flourished for a long time after that; some four or five millions of years, as we estimate it. And the unfortunate fact for the illustration is that the armored dinosaurs (of which the Stegosaurus shown in the parade is one) did survive and prosper during all that time, while the unarmored and helpless amphibious dinosaurs (Brontosaurus and its allies) were not merely compelled to get off the earth—the dry part of it—but became extinct altogether before the age of reptiles was half over.

Mr. Matthew points out, in conclusion, that at the end of the age of reptiles the whole dinosaurian race became extinct. Their disappearance, he believes, was more a case of lack of brains than presence of bulk and armor. Now that dinosaurs have been barred from the anti-preparedness fight by competent authority, doubtless some other animal will be drafted into service. The jellyfish, for instance, might be employed to point the desired moral. Despite his absence of armor-plate or 14-inch guns, he still survives. And the jellyfish, it may be remarked, has less brains than the most illiterate dinosaur that ever played truant from school.

ANOTHER THREAT AGAINST THE INDIANS

The story of the Indians of Oklahoma is so full of heartless imposition and swindling that the mind tires at the thought of it. A single act of heartlessness the ordinary good citizen feels like resenting, but let heartless act be piled on heartless act and the ordinary good citizen feels helpless and inert. That is the case of the Oklahoma Indians. And one reason why this sort of thing has gone on year after year is that the Federal Government has been false to its trusteeship over the Indians and has turned over to local jurisdiction a part of the care for Indian property which it ought never to have abandoned.

Now it is proposed to add to the burdens and disabilities of these Indians by making a change in the control which the Federal Government still exercises, so that it is certain to be less effective. As Mr. Joseph H. Choate has well said in a recent letter to the Chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, the bill now pending in Congress, "if adopted, may overturn the present Indian policy and subject the Indian to the worst possible forms of spoliation, not only from outsiders, but from unscrupulous persons within the tribal membership."

This bill would take away from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Secretary of the Interior the authority that they now have over the lands and individual moneys of the enrolled members of the Five Civilized Tribes in Oklahoma, and would vest their authority in the superintendent of the Five Civilized Tribes. The appointment to this superintendency is a political one. The predominating influence in that appointment will necessarily be local, not National. The people of the United States are not in a position to hold a local superintendent responsible for such a vast trusteeship; but they can hold the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Interior, and the Indian Commissioner responsible, for these men are within the field of the National vision.

The wealth of these Five Civilized Tribes is very great. The natural resources of Oklahoma, once virtually unknown, and therefore thought sufficient for Indians, have been dis-

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covered to be vast, and naturally white men want them. If the Indians are not in a position properly to develop these resources and make them serviceable to the Nation, the people of the United States ought deliberately to go to work and solve the problem in a fair and just way; but there is absolutely no excuse for letting the problem become more complicated and difficult by allowing the Indians to be despoiled, so that those who are most needy among them and least able to help themselves will become most subject to the greed of others, whether Indian or white. The spoils system is bad enough when American citizens allow themselves to suffer from it, but it is incomparably worse when American citizens allow it to be used to the injury of dependent peoples.

This bill, introduced by Congressman Hastings, of Oklahoma, whatever the purpose of its sponsor, is, as a matter of fact, in the interest solely of those who would profit by rendering the Indians more defenseless even than they are. There are other bills in Congress (such as the one that would take the choice of superintendent out of the Civil Service and intrust it to the Indians themselves) which would help to serve the same end as the Hastings Bill; and there are indications that the pressure for the passage of such legislation is very great. The only thing that can resist that pressure is public opinion. Readers of The Outlook who want the good faith of their country preserved ought to let their representatives know what they think about this sort of measure.

SENATOR O'GORMAN AND THE HAY BILL

In the issue of The Outlook for April 5 Mr. Eric Fisher Wood called attention to the militarism of the Hay Bill—the bill which proposes to pay officers of the organized militia. As Mr. Wood very clearly showed, the danger of this bill lies in the fact that it will inevitably make of the militia an increasingly powerful political influence. We believe that the rank and the file of those who have gone into the militia have done so from unselfish motives and are strongly inclined to throw their influence towards a real citizen army under Federal control. The Hay Bill in proposing to pay the officers of the militia both vitiates the accepted principle of disinterested service on the part of members of the militia and erects a powerful barrier against any future attempt to build up a truly Federal force.

The points which we have made against the Hay Bill are well illustrated by a letter recently received by Senator O'Gorman, of New York, and read by him in the Senate with appropriate comment. Senator O'Gorman said:

I hold a letter in my hand, addressed to me, signed H. S. Sternburger, Colonel, on the letterhead of the Headquarters Division, National Guard, New York, Municipal Building, New York City. I ask to have this letter read.

It will be noted that it lacks the phraseology of the ordinary communication of a citizen to a Senator, or any other public officer. It is more in the nature of a command to eliminate the volunteer army provision from the pending bill. It is based upon a positively selfish proposition, namely, that, in the opinion of the writer, the adoption of that provision will be prejudicial to the National Guard.

The letter, dated April 4, is as follows;

"I desire to inform you that the Hay Bill as passed is satisfactory to the National Guard, and I urge particularly that Sections 76 and 77 of the House bill as passed be incorporated in the Senate bill. I am opposed to Section 58 of the old Chamberlain Bill, which authorizes the President to organize volunteers in time of peace. This, to my mind, is detrimental to all the National Guard.

"I wish to call to your attention the fact that I shall use my influence, not only with the National Guardsmen, but with all citizens with whom I come into contact, towards pointing out to them that the so-called continental army scheme is impracticable, and will have a bad effect if passed.

"I urge upon you, as Senator from New York State, having about eighteen thousand National Guardsmen in active service at present, and about three times that number who have served in the National Guard, to oppose any contemplated measure that is detrimental to the interests of the National Guard at large."

Senater O'Gorman's indignation at the receipt of such a letter was fully justified. Those who are fostering the Hay Bill can take this letter as a typical example of what they may expect if the militia pay bill becomes law.

THE MILWAUKEE ELECTION

"I don't care if the Socialists can give us the best administration on the face of the earth; we don't want them."

This was the remark of a prominent Milwaukee manufacturer about a week before

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the recent election in that city. It tersely stated the real nature of the opposition to the Socialist party. The election resulted in choosing the Socialist candidate as Mayor. The result pretty conclusively shows that the people of Milwaukee disagree with this manufacturer. In other words, they said: "We don't care even if a man is a Socialist; we want him for Mayor if he will give us the best administration."

In Milwaukee the independent voters are the deciding factor in local elections. This is the second time that Milwaukee has had a Socialist Mayor, and each time the independent voters were the deciding factor. These voters are not Socialists, and therefore the election cannot be called, in any true sense, a Socialist victory.

In order to understand the campaign, it should be remembered that after the Socialists carried the city election in 1910 the Democrats and Republicans combined to form what was called the non-partisans. In 1912 and in 1914 the non-partisans defeated the Socialists, but their votes since 1912 have been diminishing. The administration which has been in power for the last two years has represented what is called "the best element." It has been honest, so far as is known, and has been fairly efficient and economical; but its supporters have carried on a campaign against their Socialist opponents which has been too denunciatory. For instance, there was in the city an outbreak of typhoid fever, and the non-partisans posted up on the windows of their headquarters the names of the persons who had died from typhoid fever as items in the charge that the Socialists were responsible for the outbreak of typhoid because they had blocked the issuing of bonds needed on work for the sewerage system.

Of the nine daily newspapers of the city, seven were supporters of the non-partisan cause, and they helped to circulate the charges. But this form of campaign reacted against the non-partisans. Moreover, the local issue which was paramount in the minds of the public was that of the municipal ownership of the system of distributing the city's lighting. And on this the people were not sure where the non-partisans stood. They were suspicious of the side which obtained the corporation support on this question, and they turned to the outspoken advocate of municipal ownership. The election, although giving to the city a Socialist Mayor, does not give to it a Socialist government. The candidates for the positions of Treasurer and Comptroller on the non-partisan ticket were elected, and also the majority in the Common Council and on the Supervising Board are non-partisans. The non-partisans thus can block any nomination by the Mayor; but, on the other hand, the Socialists in the City Council are numerous enough to defeat bond issues or money appropriations. The margin which the non-partisans have for overriding the Mayor's veto consists of but one vote, which is too narrow a margin to be trusted.

Daniel W. Hoan, who defeated Mayor Bading, was City Attorney. He is a native of Wisconsin, of Irish-German stock. Because of the death of his father he had to leave school at fourteen and go to work in a Chicago restaurant, and became chef in a Chicago hotel. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1905. He finally secured an education in the law and opened a law office in Milwaukee. He was elected as City Attorney in 1910, and in 1914 he was re-elected when others of the Socialists were defeated. A correspondent from Milwaukee writes us about him: "Throughout life Hoan's aim has been to serve the public. He is a lover of the great outdoors and a home man. He is noted for his pleasant disposition, a kind greeting, and the ability to make friends. His election he considers as a demand for better city government."

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

The sudden death of Richard Harding Davis last week from heart disease will come with a shock of surprise to a large circle of admirers. Mr. Davis's mother, Rebecca Harding Davis, won a distinct position for herself as a writer of short fiction in the middle and latter part of the last century, and his father, L. Clarke Davis, was a distinguished journalist of the days when American newspaper work created some of its best traditions. Richard Harding Davis himself, if not one of the pioneers, was an apt pupil in the new school of American short story writing which has not only achieved great popularity but in some of its forms been a concrete contribution to American literature. In the field of journalism he was really a "star" reporter, writing not so much news about great current events as painting impressionistic pictures of those events. He was a war correspondent, and in this field achieved considerable reputation

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during the Spanish-American War, a reputation which he very well maintained during the European war. He was one of the best products of, as well as one of the best contributors to, contemporaneous American journalism. His somewhat striking personality as well as his facility in impressionistic writing of the modern journalistic school gave him an international reputation.

CONCERNING FLOWER SHOWS

The annual International Flower Show, a glimpse of which is given in this week's illustrated section, at the Grand Central Palace in New York City, has come to be considered an important item in the calendar of events of the metropolis. When we say "important," we mean as important as any one event can be when it is set down in the middle of a city of four million people. New York is perhaps unfortunate in not having any social equivalent to the old-fashioned Circus Day of the country town. What it lacks in concentration, however, it makes up in variety.

Though New York, with all the attention which it pays to its Flower Show, fails to achieve the single-minded interest of the small town, nevertheless there is no reason why the small town cannot learn something from the Flower Show of the metropolis. For, luckily, flowers are very democratic in spirit; they place knowledge and devotion in a very much higher rank than money and name.

The aristocratic orchids of the International Garden Show, which demand private tropics of their own, have many simpler-minded cousins that can thrive and do well in the atmosphere of a private home, and there are many bulbs whose wealth in beauty is out of all proportion to their cost in money. Outside the walls of the house the number of flowers and flowering shrubs available for all is almost unlimited. The flower wealth of the country is, like most of the rest of our National possessions, still very largely an undeveloped resource.

If New York City can turn aside from its multitudinous activities for a week's enjoyment of flowers, why can we not find room for a flower show in every village and town? The plants that can be forced in the home could be made ready for a community assembly at Easter time. The outdoor flowers would find their opportunity for a congenial gathering together in the summer. *Flower Shows for Every Community* might well be made the slogan of all the Village Improvement Societies that now dot the land. The country and the small town ought not to let themselves be beaten by the metropolis in the enjoyment of rural delights.

THE NICARAGUAN TREATY

On April 11 the Nicaraguan Congress ratified the treaty, already ratified by our Senate, by which the United States acquires for three million dollars canal route rights and a coaling station on Fonseca Bay. Colonel Clifford D. Ham, Receiver-General of Nicaraguan Customs, informs The Outlook that the treaty represents the feelings and has the support of the people of Nicaragua, except perhaps the Liberal politicians who would have preferred its defeat for internal political reasons.

This reference to a political party recalls the recent relative positions of the parties in Nicaragua. For twenty-odd years preceding 1893 the Conservatives were in power, but in that year José Santos Zelaya gained the Presidency by an accident of politics. He maintained himself in power by force, despite the sixteen revolutions or wars in his seventeen years of control, by holding farcical elections and playing one party against the other. In the latter years of his dictatorship, however, he was in alliance with the Liberals. The Conservatives were the Opposition, and consequently the revolutionists. Two years after the Conservatives had obtained control of the Government by revolution a new Constitution was adopted. An election was held in December, 1912, for President, Vice-President, and a Congress. The Conservatives still retained control. The provisional President was elected for a full term, which expires this year.

The Platt Amendment feature proposed for this treaty, similar to the Cuban provision, was stricken out before final action by our Senate. This feature, however, we are told by our correspondent, had the support of the Nicaraguan Government and of the Conservatives—that is to say, of about half of the people—and they were much disappointed at its omission. Colonel Ham concludes: "I am of the opinion that all Nicaraguans of both parties, except the Liberal politicians, are pleased with the passage of the Canal Treaty. Its effect should mean peace and stability."

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THE BELGIAN SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE

Last December The Outlook announced the programme of the Belgian Scholarship Committee in succoring Belgian scholars and students here. Under the able direction of Professor George Sarton, of the University of Ghent, as Secretary, the work has made progress. Belgian professors have been temporarily engaged by Harvard, Yale, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, the University of Chicago, Western Reserve University, the George Washington University, and the Baltimore branch of the Carnegie Institution. In one of these cases the Committee has paid part of the honorarium. In the list of men now teaching here from the University of Louvain, to the eminent names of Professors Maurice de Wulf and Léon Dupriez that of Professor J. J. van den Ven should be added. He taught Byzantine history, Greek and Latin palæography, and early Christian art at that University, and is now at Princeton.

The Belgian Scholarship Committee announces that it no longer contemplates bringing Belgian students over here, as the traveling and living expenses in this country are so high, and as students may now be more efficiently aided abroad. The Committee's aims are, therefore:

1. To give to Belgian scholars, writers, and artists a chance to resume their work of art or science. To accomplish this aim the Belgian Scholarship Committee acts as a clearing bureau between the American educational institutions and the Belgian victims of the war.

2. To raise a fund for the reconstruction of a new and better Belgium, especially in the educational field.

Believing that the first aim is only of a temporary nature, while the second becomes daily more important, the Committee wants to be ready at the close of the war to help in putting Belgium on her feet again for a new and greater career. For example, the Committee is now studying and preparing plans for the reconstruction of the University of Louvain, and more particularly of its library. As soon as provision shall have been made for the storage and keeping of books, an appeal will be sent to all American public and private libraries to ask for their duplicate copies, and also to American educational institutions and learned societies to obtain free sets of their publications. At least one set of the most important books published about America should be collected; no gift, we are sure, would be more appreciated in Belgium, or would do more to bring about a better understanding of American conditions and ideals, as well as a greater international friendship. The realization of such a plan should be independent of the fate of war.

The Belgian Scholarship Committee declares that its work is not simply one of relief—it is a work of reconstruction making for international friendship and peace.

THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT

Throughout the winter, despite hindrances by storm and frost, the Laymen's Missionary campaign has shown a rising tide of interest and power. By the first of March sixty-four of the seventy-five in the series of conventions held for several days each had been held in cities of the East and Middle West, the South, the Northwest, and the Pacific Coast. A remark already made by The Outlook will bear repeating—that it is a new thing to pay for tickets to a missionary meeting. In those sixty-four cities nearly seventy-five thousand registered delegates paid $2 each for their tickets. The banner city is Los Angeles, with 5,963 delegates in attendance. Chicago ranked second, with 4,556. Columbia, South Carolina, with a census of 26,319 inhabitants and 2,216 delegates, is first in proportionate comparison. This recalls a remark of the late Dr. Capen, President of the American Board of Foreign Missions, that men in Canada and in the South, though in a full tide of business life, took time to be religious, and were deeply serious in their church relations.

The campaign has given a strong educational stimulus to many hitherto apathetic toward missionary enterprise. It has effectively seconded the forward movements urged by the denominational societies in their own spheres. As an interdenominational undertaking it has also emphasized the need of church unity.

Many editorials in the daily press have given it hearty commendation. "Aside from its direct intent of preaching the religion of Jesus Christ," said the Baltimore "American," "this mighty movement is advancing the ideals of civilization everywhere." The Catholic journal "America" says: "Unless we now combine and organize effectively for a strong mission propaganda, the most populous and intellectual mission countries of the

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world will, humanly speaking, fall under the influence of Protestantism."

After the final conventions, held in New York and Brooklyn April 9–16, the campaign is to culminate in the National Missionary Congress at Washington, April 26–30. Its purpose is like that of the Christian Conservation Congress at New York in April, 1912, which planned for the continuation of the Men and Religion Forward Movement.

MISSION WORK IN PORTO RICO

At the Latin-American Conference recently held in Panama provision was made for the holding of various regional conferences. The first of those conferences has now been held. It took place in Porto Rico. The result has been the recognition of the necessity of co-operation in missionary work and a provision for such co-operation. The principal recommendations are with regard to education.

The new co-operative policy agreed upon includes, in the first place, the institution of a college where young men and women may receive education in a strong and virile Christian atmosphere; therefore it is recommended that the Polytechnic Institute of Porto Rico, maintained at San Germán by the Presbyterians, be selected as the school to be developed into the proposed Christian college. The Institute already owns a campus of 100 acres, has buildings and equipment to the value of about $18,000, has had five years of successful work, has at present an enrollment of 106, and enjoys the confidence of the people.

In the second place, the new policy includes a seminary for young women where courses especially adapted to their needs should be provided in a similar Christian environment. Therefore it is recommended that the Blanche Kellogg Institute, established by the Congregationalists in 1899, be selected as the institution to be developed into this seminary. This Institute owns property to the value of $40,000 and has a well-established reputation in the island for excellence.

In the third place, it is believed that industrial education along the lines now in successful operation in the island is the type most needed, and that it should be pushed as rapidly and as widely as possible.

Finally, as to theological students, all the ministerial schools of the Association should be brought together, making not only for economy of administration but also for a stronger corps of professors, and especially for the more vigorous spirit among the students which comes from a larger body.

GERMANY OFFERS PEACE

To understand the significance of a significant speech one must consider the audience spoken to as well as the person speaking. The German Chancellor, in his address before the Reichstag, a summary of which appears elsewhere in this issue, had two audiences in mind. He spoke to the Germans to hearten them with assurances of victory. The significance of this portion of his speech lies not in the statements made but in the official recognition of the fact that the German people need heartening. He spoke to the neutral nations, and especially to America, in order to turn back the growing tide of moral resentment against the policy and the methods of military Germany, and especially to induce the world to believe that Germany seeks an honorable peace and that the Allies alone are responsible for the continuance of the war.

This, to Americans, is the most significant portion of the speech. When its diplomatic language is translated into the language of the plain people, and its diplomatically scattered utterances are brought together into a harmonious whole, the conditions of peace which Germany offers to Europe may be summarized as follows:

The Poles must abandon their long-cherished hopes of liberty and Poland must become a German province.

Belgium must surrender her right to fortify her border against her unscrupulous neighbor, her right to choose her own friends and allies—in a word, her independence—and become a vassal of Germany.

France must consent to the abrogation of Belgium's neutrality, and must trust to her own arms to defend her political independence.

The Balkan States must abandon all hope of ever becoming free and independent.

The civilized world must consent to abolish the universally accepted law of nations that war shall not be made on non-combatants, and must allow Germany to drop bombs upon undefended towns and torpedo peaceful merchant vessels without warning, and without providing for the safety of crew or passengers.

On such terms Xerxes would have made peace with Greece, Alexander with Darius,

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and George the Third with the American colonies; and on terms more favorable to the liberty of the nations Napoleon would have made peace with Europe.

Xerxes failed. The empire of Alexander barely survived his death. George III recognized the right of the American colonies to be free and independent. Napoleon's dream and Europe's nightmare disappeared together with the dawn of the new democracy.

Germany will not succeed where Persia, Greece, England, and France failed.

VICTIM OR WARRIOR?

Good Friday has been surrounded with pagan gloom. In the celebration of the day it has been customary to use emblems of mourning. The tone of sorrow, grief, and distress has prevailed. All thought has been directed toward the suffering and the sacrifice of the Victim.

This customary method of observing Good Friday is strangely out of accord with the character of him whose death it commemorates. His contemporaries describe him in terms that picture him, not as a weak and helpless being, but as a warrior. And they describe his death as the triumphant conclusion of a great fight. Though they do not conceal the power of his enemies or the terrible effectiveness of human malignancy, they do not represent his death as a defeat, but rather as the decisive victory over the powers of darkness. They speak of him as Captain, as army leader. The most vivid description of his personal appearance tells of his flashing eyes, the thunderous sound of his voice, the sword-like character of his speech, and the radiancy of his countenance.

Their account of his deeds is studded with incidents of fearlessness in action, and of his sayings with words of challenge. Gentle and considerate of the oppressed, he let his indignation drive against the unscrupulous and oppressive. There is no hint from first to last of anything like despair or defeat in his attitude or conduct. He was victim only as every martyr is a victim; but he was not the powerless subject of chance or fate. In that sense he was not a victim at all. He never was conquered. Those who knew him best were never so convinced of his power as conqueror as they were after his death. Few men have been feared and hated as he was. The testimony as to the force of his character and the irresistible nature of his determination comes not only from his friends, but also from his enemies.

And when the crucial time came he faced the ordeal as an experienced and cautious but intrepid soldier faces the decisive battle. "I have a baptism to be baptized with," he said, "and how am I straitened till it be accomplished."

When the end came, he died with a shout of triumph on his lips. As the records express it, he "uttered a loud cry and expired." In one of these passages the word, literally translated, is "a loud shout." And his final words were not, as the common English translation gives it, "It is finished," as if he was expressing relief at the end of his agony, but, "It is accomplished" or "achieved." It accords with what he told his associates and followers the evening before when he said, "I have overcome the world."

The commemoration of the death of such a man ought not to be dolorous. To make it such does not accord with the joyous character of Easter. To make it such is not becoming to the body of his followers which is spoken of as an army. Not so do the veterans of the Civil War celebrate Memorial Day. Those patriots in the war that renewed the Nation are not remembered with funeral lyrics, with muffled drums, or with banners bound with crape. To them the people of this generation owe their heritage of freedom, and therefore remember them, not with sorrow and mourning, but with gratitude and a sense of solemn triumph. So those whom Paul calls soldiers of Christ should keep Good Friday.

To them it should be the anniversary of that decisive moment when the tide of battle turned and when the Leader, though stricken, put his foes to rout.

THE AMERICAN MAIL

There are those who are more concerned over the fact that England has delayed American mails than over the fact that Germany has murdered American citizens.

Those who claim that the mails should have precedence over the lives of women and children seem to be strangely indifferent to the fate of the mail that has been diverted by German submarines.

Upon what date will the mail-bags lying in the hold of the Lusitania be forwarded to their destination?

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ANOTHER WOMAN'S VIEW OF PREPAREDNESS[1]

IN my home we are always glad when you emphasize the fact that "preparedness does not mean preparedness for war, but really preparedness against war for peace." Every time it is put, in editorial or special article, it must strike some perhaps doubtful reader with a new significance.

What a pity that the thing is called preparedness at all! The very word seems an invitation to attack. It constantly requires explanation. True, it is short, and brevity in a title always attracts; but peace insurance seems to us to express it better.

For, after all, it is only that. And until our daily prayer that His kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven is farther along the road to fulfillment we shall need peace insurance.

That we invest in this kind of security doesn't mean, as others have pointed out, that we are going to hasten into war, any more than "taking out" fire insurance means that we are about to burn our house down, or life insurance as a preliminary to worse. There are, of course, persons who plan thus, but not the average, respectable citizen; and the average, respectable nation but reflects its citizenry.

Mr. Garrison, when Secretary, in a remarkable annual report, pertinently asked: "Upon what proper consideration is there based any distinction between the right or necessity or desirability of using mental force to repel error, moral force to repel evil, and physical force to repel wrong? It would seem, if reason were applied, that in each instance the situation is identical; and that if we should properly prepare our minds to be strong so that we can reject error, and our moral characters to be strong so that we can reject evil, we should likewise make our physical force strong in order that we may maintain the right as against those who would physically impose the wrong upon us."

There is far more sympathy, I believe, among women for a rational preparation for defense than is supposed in some quarters.

True, many of our thoughtful women are convinced that we shall have peace only if we stand before the world unarmed, thus proving our desire to molest no country and to be let alone. But I have never heard one of these advocate abolishing the municipal police system, imperfect though it is. Neither do I know a single peace-without-insurance woman who fails to put her valuables, if she has any, in a safety vault and lock up her house at night. Even these advocates realize in some connections that, until all men are educated up to their moral standards, their property and their lives must have some degree of tangible protection.

The majority of women with whom I talk, however, seem to see clearly that our best hope of real peace must come through the power to base our demands for peace upon our ability to maintain peace. They believe that by "taking out" such insurance we become, not a great aggressive force, but rather a great potential power. It is what President Wilson once termed the Recall, "the gun behind the door." It may never have to be used. It probably won't be if it is known to be there. But if it is needed we have only to remember Washington to appreciate its value.

If in his day there had been such a "gun," the Revolutionary War would have been shorter, the suffering of our men and the loss of life considerably less.

This peculiar type of myopia from which Americans suffered in Washington's day has been strikingly evident in every war since. The result, as every reader knows, has been unnecessary sacrifice of life and property. Yet some of us have not learned the lesson.

I sometimes fear we Americans think ourselves better than we are. I doubt very much if we are so good that we can impress that fact by mere words upon aggressive nations in such a way as to hold them awe-struck and inactive; that this country, splendid as it is, is yet good enough or strong enough to convince the world at large, by simple argument, that heaven on earth has come!

In a letter from Mr. Roosevelt is stressed the point mentioned in the beginning of this one, that preparedness against war is the best means of averting war. I like particularly his thought that if it is impossible to avert war save at the cost of dishonor, women like certain types he mentions, as well as

[1] See in connection with this "What One Woman Thinks of National Defense," in The Outlook for November 10 last.—THE EDITORS.

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their sons, will face the dangers of battle just as women face other perils they cannot escape. And he adds :

" It is our duty individually and as a Nation to avoid all quarrels, to avoid every species of brutality, of wrong-doing, of wanton offense, to try to inculcate gentleness and fair and upright dealing as between man and man, nation and nation ; but it is also our duty to keep ourselves masters of our own souls, and possessed of those stern virtues, for the lack of which no softness of manners, no gentleness of nature, and, above all, no soft and easy course of life, will in any way atone."

Let me add (and it is not so much another story as at first appears) that the women who are interested in Preparedness are likewise interested in the way Congress is going to bring it about. Housekeepers for the most part, considering oftentimes, as many must, how to make both ends meet, they are not exactly dazzled by the way in which the business end of Congress conducts some of its departments. If certain of the slipshod, haphazard methods which result in duplication and unnecessary expense are reformed at Washington, many thousands of dollars now being wasted can go toward adequate Preparedness.

MARGARET SHAW GRAHAM.
Louisville, Kentucky.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

CONCERNING READING

A MOTHER writes me that her boy is a great reader, but, she thinks, does not read the best literature ; and she asks me to suggest some books which she may recommend to him. I cannot do so without the danger of doing more harm than good by my counsels. For there are various objects in reading and various ways of reading, and to give intelligent counsel to a reader one must know *why* he reads and should know *how* he reads.

The Germans are said to have a proverb that reading is an excuse for not thinking. That a boy is a great reader does not necessarily indicate that he is a great thinker.

Sometimes reading in order to stop thinking is profitable. The tired mind goes on and on at night in its treadmill when there is no longer any wheat to be threshed. Then a book which will get the overworked and overburdened mind out of its treadmill is useful. Some one has called such books " stop thoughts." Some of our cheap magazines furnish very efficient " stop thoughts." When I look over the literature exposed at an American news-stand, I am inclined to think that the market is overstocked. The supply may not be greater than the demand ; but it is in excess of the real intellectual need.

Quite different from these soporifics are the novels which furnish real recreation. They do not stop the thought ; they change its activity. They are a diversion—that is, they divert the mental activity from its accustomed channel into one quite different. The home-maker, wearied by the care of the household, when the children are in bed and the house is still, diverts her mind from the weariness of the past and the worries of the future by living for an hour in a world of imagination.

The distinction between a really good novel and a " stop thought " may be difficult to define, but it is real. I have just been reading " David Penstephen," and while absorbed in the sorrowful problem of the remorseful mother and the perplexity of the puzzled son, neither of them helped by the irresponsible though affectionate father, I have forgotten the problems of the war in Europe and politics in the United States. It has not been a " stop thought," but a diversion. Sometimes the best rest for a mind wearied by problems which demand decision and action is absorption in a problem which calls for neither decision nor action. Sometimes the best respite from activity in the real world is a temporary sojourn in a world that is imaginary. But it is always disastrous to emigrate from the real world and spend one's

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life in a world that is unreal, and this is equally true whether the unreal world is one of romance or of pietism, whether it is furnished by a circulating library or by a monastic cell.

Closely allied to reading for recreation is reading for inspiration. The best novels furnish inspiration as well as recreation. The greatest novelists are idealists, at least to this extent, that either by portraits, by contrasts, or by suggestion they furnish ideals which refresh and often invigorate. In another way, the best poetry, while it recreates, also inspires. A walk through the fields with Wordsworth, a visit to Arthur's Round Table with Tennyson, a trip to India with Kipling, a study of the ever-varied problem of human life with Browning, sends one back to his own seemingly commonplace life with a new experience of beauty, of chivalry, of human brotherhood, of hope.

A different kind of inspiration, more immediate and practical, is furnished by the best biographies. I am writing these lines at Hampton Institute, Virginia, and have been reading here the life of its founder, General Armstrong. I should look elsewhere for accurate and adequate information concerning the Civil War or the Reconstruction period; the life of Thomas Arnold would probably supply better material for the student of pedagogical problems; but I cannot easily conceive a book which would do more to inspire in a young man or woman the high resolve, the divine consecration, the indomitable courage, which, combined, always make life worth living.

Among books of inspiration also are to be placed devotional books, by which I mean books written by those who have a consciousness of the presence of God in their lives and know how to give a frank and honest expression of their experience. But I must leave to some future paper a consideration of the value and the peril of devotional literature.

For information we go to books of history and books of science; to the first for an account of what has taken place in the world of men, to the second for what has taken place in nature.

I wonder how many readers have got their historical ideas from novels. It is a very poor source from which to obtain accurate information. For the novelist is an artist; he speaks to the imagination and to the emotions; and he uses such facts of life, or uses them in such combinations, or portrays them in such fashion, as will make the most effective appeal to the imagination and the emotions. I am very fond of Walter Scott and read and re-read his romances. But I do not go to "Quentin Durward" for a true portrait of Louis XI of France, nor to "The Talisman" for a true portrait of Richard the Lion-Hearted. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" gives a very vivid picture of slavery; it may even be characterized as a realistic picture. But if one wishes information as to what slavery was in the United States in 1850 he would better read the chapters on slavery in James Ford Rhodes's "History of the United States."[1] For this reason I am shy of modern problem novels. I am afraid to read such stories as "The Pit" and "The Harbor" lest I mix up in my memory the vivid pictures which the artist has given with the less interesting but more scientifically accurate accounts in official reports. I read with interest "Anna Karénina" and "Peace and War," but always with a doubt whether they furnish a true photograph of Russian society, and always remembering the wise remark of a critical friend that the Lord meant Tolstoy for a writer of romances, and he tried to make himself over into a social reformer.

There are two ways of conceiving history: one as an evolution of the human race in which the individuals are but puppets mechanically playing the parts assigned to them by destiny; the other as the product of the wills of the men who not only play their parts but extemporize them. An extreme interpretation of the first view is furnished by Buckle's "History of Civilization," once a popular but now a forgotten book; an extreme interpretation of the other, by Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship," which will never be forgotten as long as English literature lasts. According to the first view, the Reformation made Luther; according to the second, Luther made the Reformation. Personally I believe that history is a drama in which men play the parts assigned to them; but by their free interpretation they make the drama what it is.

But, whichever view is correct, the second view is the one which interests. More readers are interested in human life and character than in scientific evolution. Most readers will get a more vivid, because more human, view of American history by reading, in

[1] Vol. I, Chapter IV.

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proper chronological order, a selection from the "American Statesman Series" than from reading Bancroft's or McMaster's history of the United States, and a more vivid view of ancient and European history by reading the Harpers' series which my father wrote and about which Abraham Lincoln said, "To them I am indebted for about all the historical knowledge I have," than by reading any compendium of mediæval or European history with which I am acquainted. When the reader has finished this primary course, if his interest is unsated, he may profitably take up John Fiske's series of American histories or John Richard Green's "History of England." As to the old-time school histories, which give little more than a catalogue of events without indicating their relation either to the development of the race or the life of the individual, reading them is about as interesting and as intellectually profitable as reading a city directory.

Of science books there are also two types. One treats the mechanical operations of nature as the work of a vast, mysterious, and interesting machine. The other treats nature as something full of beauty, vitality, and human interest. Books of the latter type often combine with valuable records of careful observation narratives of more or less romantic adventure. Illustrations of such nature books are furnished by Maeterlinck's "The Life of the Bees," Fabre's "Life of the Fly," Wallace's "Island Life," John Muir's "Travels in Alaska," John Tyndall's "Hours of Exercise in the Alps." These books, which illumine natural phenomena with a restrained and rational imagination, connect them with human life, and so portray them as to awaken human emotions, are the books to give to the unscientific reader to awaken his interest in the world of nature. There are no better books to make geography an attractive study to young readers than Nansen's "Farthest North," Captain Robert Falcon Scott's "The Voyage of the Discovery," Livingstone's "Last Journals in Central Africa," and Stanley's "The Congo."

In this paper I have said nothing about books of art, which may be read either for recreation, inspiration, or information, nor about books of philanthropy, sociology, economics, and the like, for these are books for study rather than for reading except by the scholar. But I hope I have made it clear to any one who wishes to take up a course of good reading for himself or to interest the young in reading that he must not only consider what books to select, but also what purpose in reading to encourage.

My counsel, then, to this mother, and to all mothers, teachers, and librarians endeavoring to guide the reading of others, is this: Study your boy; endeavor to understand his tastes and his temperament. What in literature interests him? Does he read for recreation or for inspiration or for information? What sort of books appeal to him—fiction or biography or adventure or history or science? What faculties are employed in his reading—imagination or observation? Is his interest in man and affairs or in nature and her operations? If he is reading for recreation story books of wild adventure, lead him on through Scott and Stevenson to the real adventures of Daniel Boone, David Crockett, David Livingstone, or Captain Scott. If he is interested in animal stories, do not deny to him Thompson Seton, but go on from Thompson Seton to Maeterlinck or Fabre. If nature appeals to him, introduce him to John Muir or John Tyndall. Interest yourself in whatever interests him. Read with him, or to him, or preferably get him to read to you something that interests him while you go on with your sewing or knitting. Be interested in what interests him, that you may interest him in what interests you. And in your joint excursions into literature form as clear a conception for yourself and give as clear a conception to him as you can of the object which animates you.

The same principle may guide any one who wishes to substitute for mere desultory and haphazard reading something more informing or more inspiring. If you enjoy books of adventure, do not take up Darwin's "Descent of Man" because you ought. If you enjoy John Muir, don't take up Bancroft's "History of the United States" because you ought. *Study* because you ought to study; read because you enjoy reading, and read what you enjoy. But always with a purpose to substitute gradually a higher for a lower enjoyment, and therefore a nobler for a poorer literature. And do not forget that the enjoyment of acquiring information and the enjoyment of receiving inspiration is a different enjoyment from that furnished by mere recreation.

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THE MAN HUNT IN MEXICO

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE MEXICAN EXPEDITION

BY GREGORY MASON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

"THERE'S more rivers an' less water, more cows an' less milk, an' you can see further an' see less here than in any country where I've ever been."

So an ebony trooper in one of the Negro cavalry regiments described, in the terms of a common Texan story, the barren northern Chihuahua country through which the American "Punitive Expedition" is pursuing the meager trail of Pancho Villa.

Right here let it be said that the great bandit's name is not pronounced in English as it is spelled, nor is it pronounced *Vilya*, as it would be in Spain. In Mexico and on the border they call it *Vee-yah*.

The event which the border army has impatiently awaited for three years, the entrance of Mexico, has not been so pleasant in the realization as it was in the anticipation. Armies are made to fight, and when they fight they like to fight like men. But the first three weeks of the Mexican jaunt of our expedition brought forth only two small running skirmishes, which were more like rabbit drives than battles. And the tawny upland desert of northwestern Chihuahua is not the course one would choose for a hare-and-hound chase such as the pursuit of Villa has been in its first stages.

The greater scarcity of water in the rivers, which are unaided through their twisting channels by man, and the greater scarcity of milk in the cows, which are left to graze on the unnutritious desert uncared for, is indeed the principal difference between that part of old Mexico, where eight regiments of our army are now sweating through the sand, and the border regions of New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas, where most of the men in those regiments had spent many days prior to that crimson dawn when Villa ran amuck at Columbus. For many miles on both sides of the border the landscape is made up of broad ribbons of yellow sand spattered with blotches of savage, thorny vegetation in buffs and browns and grays uncoiling between walls of jagged and grotesquely shaped mountains of a cool, deep blue from a distance, which melts into an arid tan on approach. But through the clear air on the American side the eye may rest on frequent flashing windmills surrounded by fair green cottonwoods and willows, while it is true that through the eye-smarting clarity of vistas south of the line one can see farther and yet see much less that is worth the seeing.

We Americans have conquered the last frontier within our own country, and the only zone within shot of our eyes where man is still mainly bested by nature lies over the Mexican border. Columbus, New Mexico, is a typical frontier town. Half a hundred one-storied shacks of brown or white adobe, with half a dozen two-storied frames of wood, are scattered about the town's center, marked by the ashes of four of the principal buildings which Villa's rum-crazed children of nature burned.

At early morning cow-punchers with the loose-fringed "chaps," mouse-colored sombreros, six-inch spurs at heel, and with the long, graceful six-shooters of childhood's picture-books on their right hips, instead of the ugly modern automatics, canter into town and hitch their shaggy little mounts in the shade before reformed saloons, where their riders abide till the cool of late afternoon. The only touch out of keeping with the traditions of the wild and woolly West is that no drink more alcoholic than grape-juice and "lemon sody" can be bought over the bar.

Little one-storied Columbus, whose dust-blown streets are always empty at hot noon, has suddenly found itself a metropolis. Were the two remaining hotels each ten times as large as the largest one formerly boasted by the town which Villa burned, they could not hold the horde of correspondents, photographers, souvenir hunters, and army hangers-on that has made little Columbus self-conscious and spoiled.

My first night in the town I was obliged to sleep on a pyramid of baled hay piled high

(*Continued on page following illustrations*)

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

GENERAL GARIBALDI, SON OF THE GREAT ITALIAN PATRIOT, SENDS A MESSAGE TO AMERICA

The above photograph is that of General Ricciotti Garibaldi, son of Giuseppe Garibaldi, the famous Italian patriot and soldier. On another page of this issue he sends, through The Outlook's correspondent, Mr. G. C. Speranza, a message of protest against America's supineness in the war. General Garibaldi has given his seven sons to the cause of the Allies—two of them are dead, five are still fighting in Italy's armies

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UNITED STATES TROOPS ON THE TRACK OF VILLA

The difficulties in the way of the speedy capture of Villa and his fellow-bandits may be appreciated when it is remembered that the Mexican State of Chihuahua, in which the pursuit has been conducted, is as large as all the New England States, New Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware combined, and that this vast region is thoroughly familiar to the fugitives from justice

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REFORMED REFORMATORY BOYS AND THEIR MASCOTS

See article, " Moving an Entire Reformatory," by O. F. Lewis, describing "something more venturesome and radical than anything yet in prison management," elsewhere in this issue

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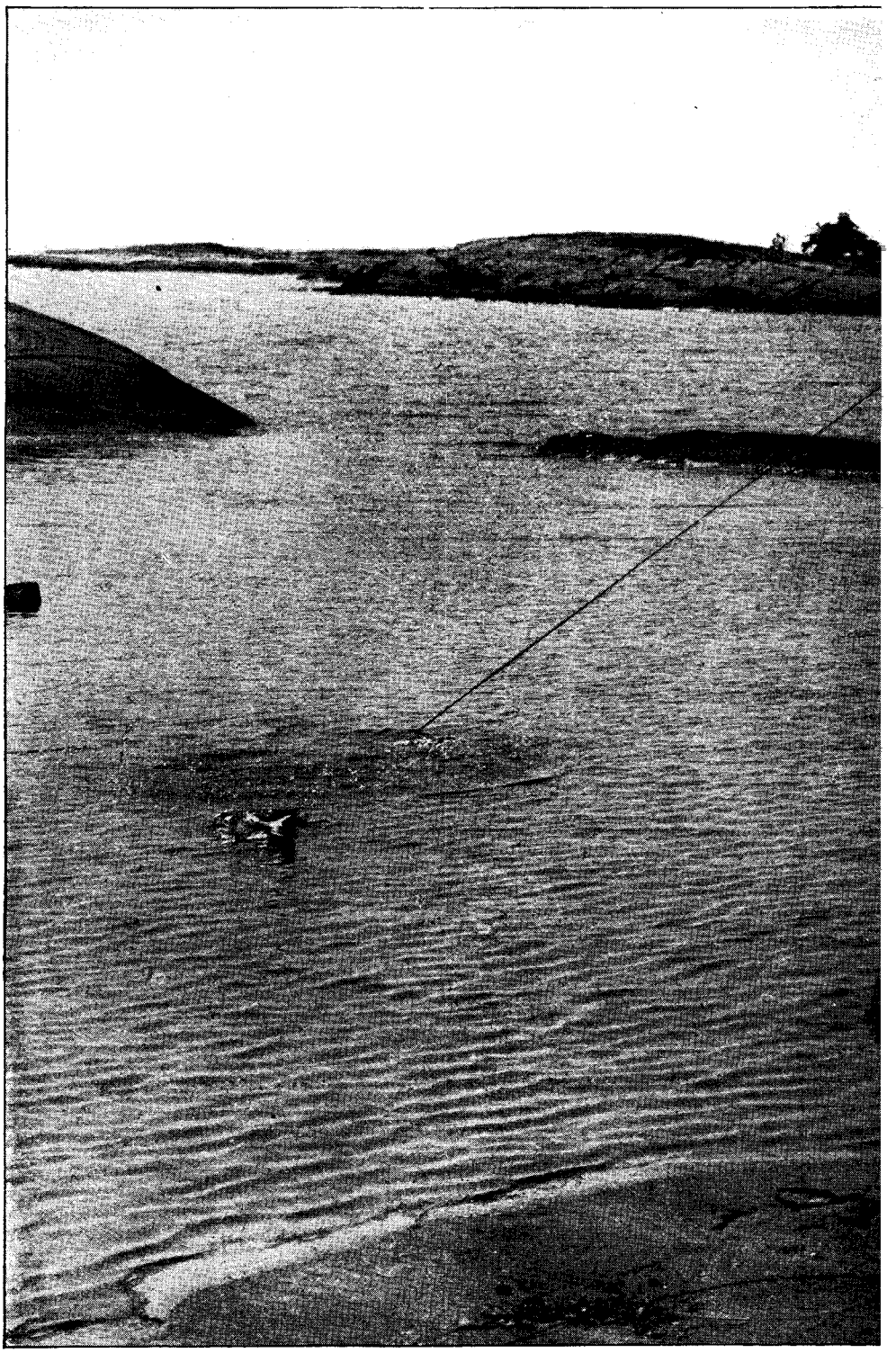

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

BASS FISH

This spirited photograph will appeal to the lover of the rod as the days begin when

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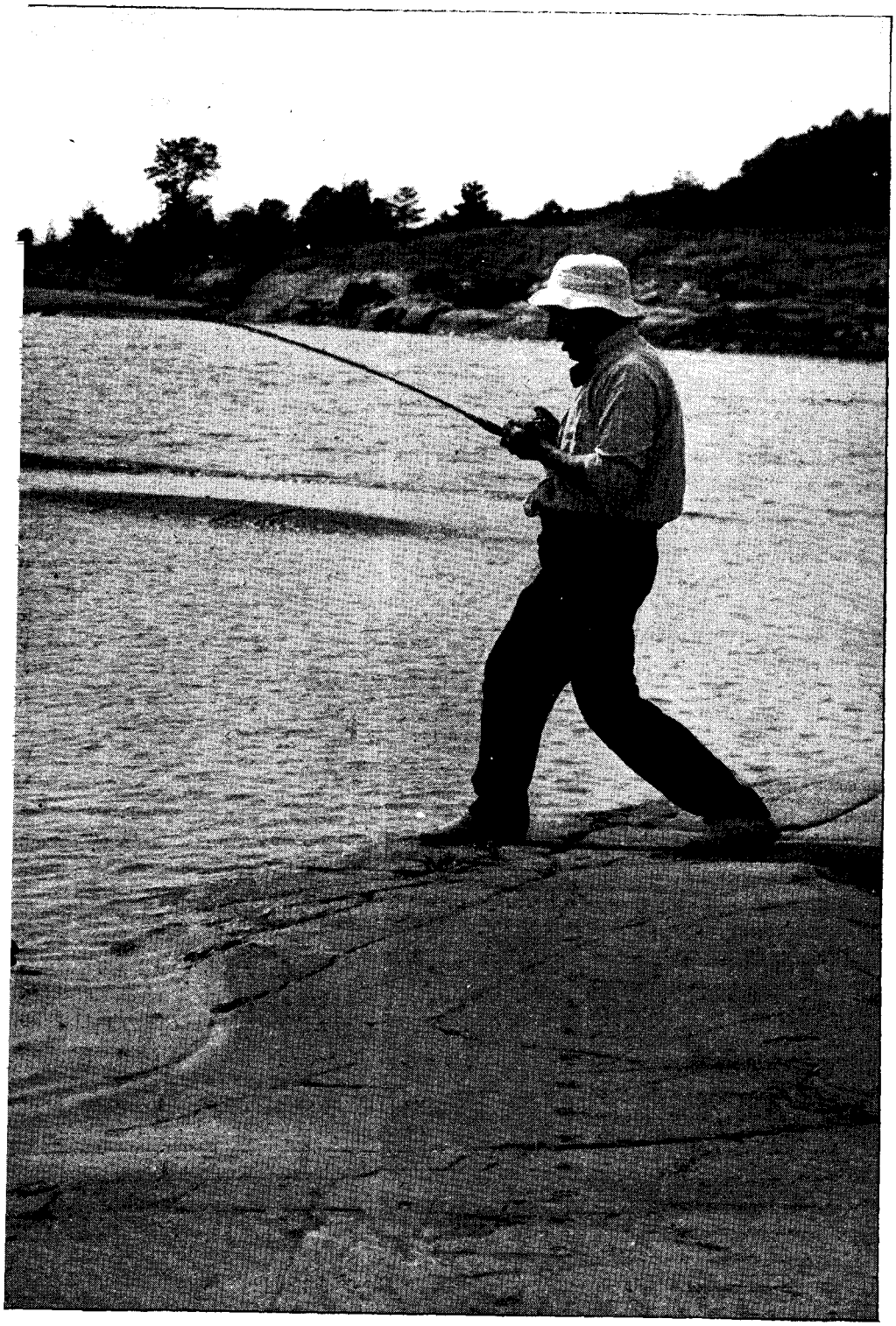

)RGIAN BAY

et comes o'er you," and the lure of the hook and line again gets its hold on the angler

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"NO ARMOR-PLATE, BUT PLENTY OF BRAINS" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

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"ALL ARMOR-PLATE AND NO BRAINS" (SEE PRECEDING PAGE)

PREPAREDNESS AND ANTI-PREPAREDNESS

The picture on the foregoing page illustrates a company of Harvard University students drilling in the open for the first time. The picture on this page shows an exhibit of the anti-preparedness advocates in New York City. It represents a dinosaur, a prehistoric creature whose armor-like shell "became so heavy that the animal sank out of sight in the mire." This float bore the inscription "All Armor-Plate and No Brains." See editorial comment

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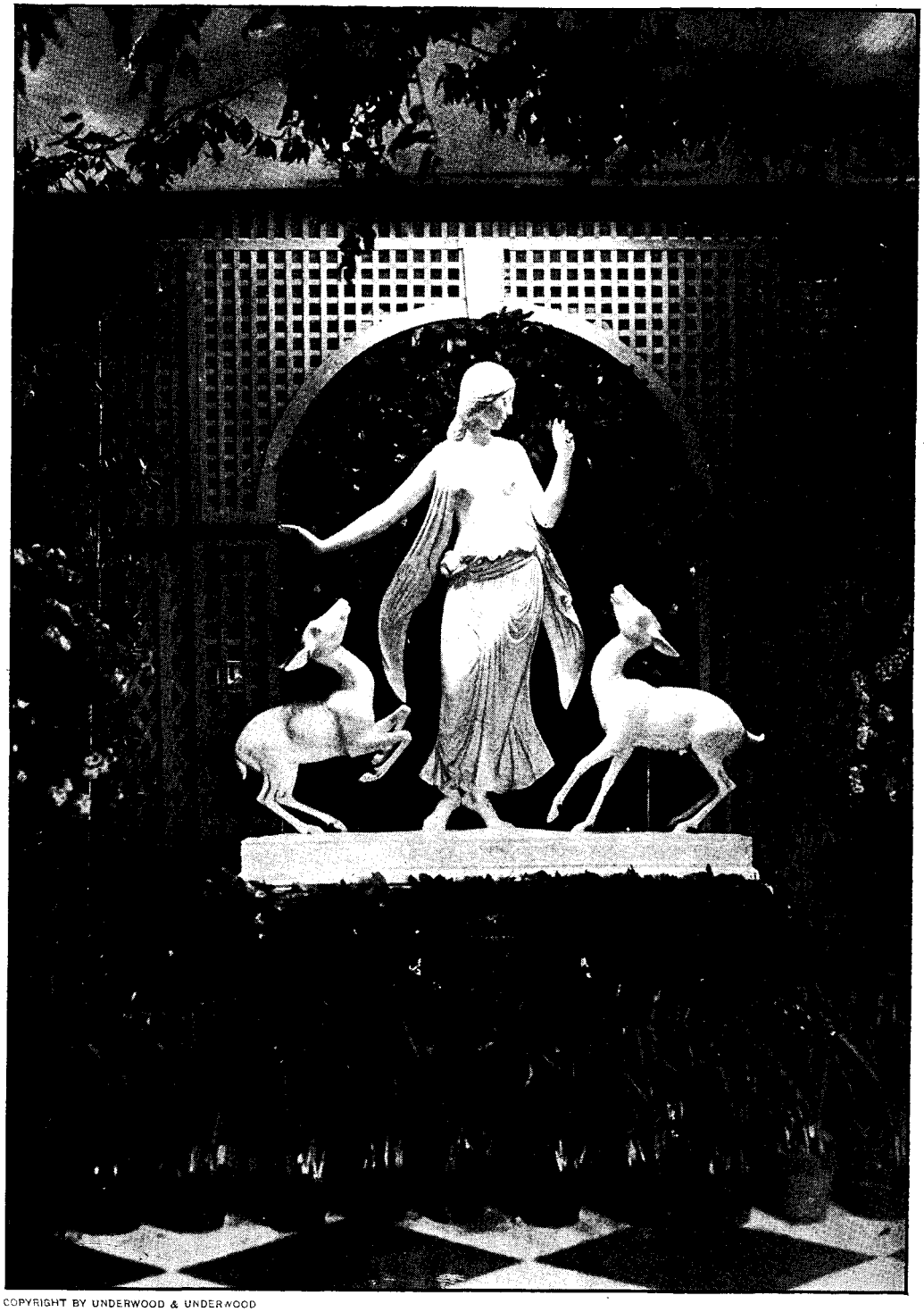

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THE SPRING FLOWER SHOW IN NEW YORK CITY

The floral shows in various cities at this time of the year attract crowds of admirers of nature's loveliest harbingers of the spring season. In the New York exhibit, as above shown, a beautiful group of statuary, "Dancer and Gazelles," by Paul Manship, shared the visitors' admiration with that bestowed on the fine display of flowers and plants

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to the stars by the railway track for the subsequent nourishment of army mules. The second I shared a small room at one of the two frame "hotels" with two volunteer scouts who had come down from "Arizony ter git Villa and git that ree-ward that's on his haid."

Of course Columbus is owned by the army that has come to avenge it. Officers and soldiers stroll about the streets or loll on the benches before the non-alcoholic saloons. Mule-drawn wagon trains, motor trucks, and automobiles carrying army supplies stir up the street dust if the desert wind lets it lie a moment. And below the railway tracks to the south is the city of drab-colored tents—the American base of the punishing column under General John J. Pershing. Between the railway and the commandant's headquarters in an adobe building with a tall flag-pole is a plaza around a little wooden band-stand where the ponderous motor trucks that feed our expedition are parked when they come in from the south-moving "front," which is about three hundred miles below the border as I am writing. Beyond the tent colony and east of it is a wide, smooth field where the army aeroplanes rise after a long accelerating rush or alight in a gradual skimming descent like ducks on the calm surface of a pond. Between that field and the tents is a large circle of fine black ashes, holding the almost pulverized fragments of the bones of the foolish Mexicans who fell before the astonishingly accurate shooting of the sleepy-eyed American soldiers at dawn of March 9. Very foolish they seemed as I tapped one of the charred skulls.

The most confirmed frontiersman in this frontier town is Mr. William C. Miller. Everybody calls him "Dad." Ex-hunter, trapper, Indian fighter, and railway man, he has lived his life on the picket-line of civilization. Since he lost his right leg he has been a shoemaker and leather worker, but still he lives on the frontier and he makes the thorn-proof boots and the saddles of the men who are pushing that frontier back. There is a story about that missing leg, replaced when he sits at his last by an iron leg with a hinge, the gift of a fellow railway man, and a handy thing to cut his leather on. He resents the imputation that perhaps his limb was lost in a fight with the noble red men.

"No, sir, them varmints never touched me, though some of them tasted lead of mine, I guess. This leg was lost in a personal way—little mistake I made once when duck shooting."

Crouched on his one leg behind a bed curtain on the terrible morning of March 9, "Dad" heard the bullets crash through the windows and doors of his single-story home and workshop or splatter into flattened disks against the lead-proof walls of adobe. He heard the Villistas take his old friend, his horse, out of the stable in the rear, he saw the glare from the burning buildings across the street, and he heard the shrieks of American women and the blood-curdling whoops of the drunken Mexicans, whose Indian blood was aboil. Still he sat motionless, not using his six-shooter or his pellet-loaded repeating "riot" gun. A Mexican entered the front door, prowled into the bedroom, and, standing within arm's reach of the hiding American, helped himself to the latter's overcoat suspended from a nail. After an agonizing moment the Villista turned to walk out.

"Then it was my turn," is the way "Dad" tells the story, "and that skunk got it just as he crossed the threshold."

"Did you kill him?"

"I would never say as I killed anybody," the old man quibbled, "although I seen a heap o' fightin' in my time. But my hand may 'a' been instreemental in the skunk's sudden demise. The charge o' bird shot had almost blown him in two.

"I tiptoes to the door, an' in the clear light from the blazin' town reaches out an' pulls these tools off the cuss's carcass"—he held up a Mauser rifle with the Mexican arms on the butt and the engraved inscription "Made in Austria," and an American army automatic pistol.

After that "Dad's" hand and his pump gun were "instreemental in the sudden demise" of several of the Villa band, according to the American soldiers, who love the old crippled shoemaker.

But "Dad" prefers to talk about what the soldiers did. He tells how they came in from the eastern end of the town, each man dropping on his knee and covering an enemy with a cool, unhurried precision, quite different from the blind, quick shooting of the already weakening Mexicans. Gradually the invaders were swept across the plaza and out to the rising ground southwest of the town by the handful of disciplined American regulars.

"One o' the three Lopez brothers," says

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the venerable leather-worker, "stood on that leetle rise to the west o' the station wavin' a big sword an' tryin' to rally his cowardly companions. Major Tompkins an' Seargent Foley were right in front o' my store watchin' 'em.

"'Can you git that feller, seargent?' asked the major.

"'I've never missed, sir,' says the seargent, an' he gits off his horse, draws a slow bead, an' drops the big feller with the sword. That took the heart out o' them."

Not because he is a picturesque and interesting figure, but because he represents the border philosophy, "Old Man" Miller has come into this narrative. He reflects the sentiments of the men and women on our southern frontier who are tired of watchfully waiting for that frontier to civilize itself. He believes in civilization with a sword.

"All my life I been livin' on the border between civilization and anarchy, an' I know what I'm talkin' about," said the old man, one afternoon in his shop. "You got to civilize a desperado with a gun.

"I was in Kansas when the Dalton brothers, Grant an' Emmett an' Three-fingered Jack, raided Coffeyville. I was there when the Barker gang cut loose in Caneyville, an' I was there at the time o' the raids on Parker, Kansas. After makin' them attacks the desperadoes used to seek refuge in Indian Territory, just as to-day these border bandits hide in Mexico. There couldn't be no peace or safety in Kansas until them bands had been destroyed, an' there can't be no peace or safety in Mexico for either Mexicans or foreigners till Villa and his kind have been wiped out. You've got to have somethin' to build to, an' you can't build to a foundation o' banditry an' lawlessness. Before you can construct a house you got to destruct the stumps an' boulders on the site. Before a structure o' civilization can be erected in Mexico you got to sweep the country clean o' bandits, as clean as a Dutchwoman sweeps her kitchen. An' the sooner the beginnin' is made, the better."

That is what the border Americans believe, and they decry the announced intention of the Government to withdraw our forces from Mexico as soon as Villa has been caught.

Our border citizens want the troops to remain in Mexico until not only Villa but all of his kind have been killed or captured, and until a stable government has been definitely established.

But, whatever his innermost political views may be, the average United States soldier in Mexico is inclined to share the dislike for the country expressed by the Negro trooper in the first paragraph of this article. Intense heat in the middle of the day and aching cold at night—numbing the soldier with the single blanket of his marching equipment—are not the least discomforts of the Chihuahua uplands at this time of year. Snow, sleet, and rain storms make travel difficult. But northern Mexico has a weather feature more unpleasant than extreme of heat or cold, more unpleasant than Arctic blizzard or tropical cloudburst—that is, the sand-storm.

About three days a week here at this season the wind blows forty miles an hour, with occasional bursts of double that speed. On the march neither man nor horse can head straight into the driving sand-clouds, but must tack and veer, getting what protection they can from goggles or blinders. The sand gets into everything. It sifts through tent flap and vent, muddying the water in canteens, clogging guns, chapping hands and faces, at night even half stifling the sleeper rolled in and under his blankets. You sit down to "chow" behind a screen of brush built to keep off the dust whorls, but the cook has hardly filled your plate with the juicy stew called "slum" before it is sprinkled with sand like fine pepper.

In the face of such discouraging weather the expedition has not been light-hearted. There has been little singing around campfires, such as veterans of the Cuban and Philippine campaigns recall. It has been hard plugging along hot, prickly desert, or deep, sand-clogged roads, from four in the morning until six or later in the evening, then turn into "the hay" for the night. But, though the men are not jubilant, they are willing and abundantly confident in themselves. And already they have made a few traditions to boast of.

On the first drive into Mexico, which began on March 15, a brigade of cavalry and two batteries of mountain guns under General Pershing covered the 110 miles from Columbus to the present Expeditionary Headquarters near Casas Grandes in forty-two hours. And in their first day across the international line a detachment of infantry marching on soft feet covered twenty-seven miles, while in their first eleven days in Mexico the same detachment marched more than one hundred and eighty miles.

The performance of the artillery is said

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here to be a record for the American army, and some officers assert that the feat of the cavalry had never before been equaled by United States troopers.

"But, however and whatever the records may be," General Pershing said to me by the camp-fire before his tent on the Casas Grandes River one night, "whatever the records may be, the boys in all branches of this expedition have done some of the best work I've ever seen done. They go along with their chests out and their heads up, like veterans on parade."

I left Columbus five days behind that agile advance guard under Pershing, whose members earned the sobriquet of "desert one-steppers" for their celerity in crossing the Chihuahua sands.

Fifteen motor trucks, the first squadron of more than a hundred that had been ordered for the expedition, were to start early in the afternoon. Only a very limited number of the representatives of press associations and of a few big newspapers were admitted to Mexico as correspondents. No magazine writer had been accredited to the expedition, and I found it impossible to get permission to follow Villa's trail as a correspondent. But there was a scarcity of chauffeurs to drive the big supply trucks and the touring cars in which officers dashed in and out of Mexico. An offer of my services as a volunteer civilian chauffeur was accepted. Having accompanied the expedition as a civilian in a purely voluntary capacity, I might now write as I choose, but I choose in this and subsequent articles to observe the censorship that is imposed on the accredited correspondents as fully as I am able.

At that time there was no vehicle available for me to drive, but I was given a permit to cross the line as a substitute chauffeur whose services would be available whenever needed. I chose for my transportation, however, a brick-colored broncho which I had already bought. As an officer humorously remarked, I was "a new unit in the army, a chauffeur on a horse."

With the roads soft and sandy, I hoped to hold the truck caravan in sight for the day on my cow pony, given a fair lead at the start. I had cantered less than a mile, however, when the procession of trucks began to move. The road ran parallel to the international boundary for fourteen miles to an oasis known as Gibson's Ranch, then turned sharply south into Mexico. A chain of hills a few miles south of the road paralleled it. Into them the Villa band had gone, and from the desert north of them by night snipers had fired at trains on the railway which ran just north of the wagon trail. It was not a country where one would choose to travel alone, and I was determined not to be left behind by the trucks till Gibson's Ranch was reached.

But I had not been on a horse for two years, and the tough little sorrel desert broncho knew no gait between a slow walk and a mad jerking gallop. Looking over my shoulder, I saw the trucks gaining on me. Driving in the spurs, I put the pony into a gallop.

A mile of it was all I could stand, but that restored the original distance between me and the trucks. A few minutes of blissful walking, and again the trucks had gained. Another gallop, and again they were left behind. This was kept up for an hour. But the soft body of the city man could not stand the racketing jolts on the heavy stock saddle, and each time that the fiery little pony shot ahead at full speed he was pulled down to a walk after a shorter distance, until the space covered at each gallop was not more than two or three hundred yards. Finally, on a hard level stretch of road the first truck drew abreast and then passed the man and horse, to the great disgust of the latter. But jolted and jarred human flesh could not compete with relentless machinery, even if horseflesh was still willing. Better to be left alone on the desert, to face the peril that might come forth from the dark-blue canyons of those grave and impassive mountains, than to continue the certain and increasing torture of the galloping struggle to keep even with the motors. One after another the trucks went by with a deep buzzing and whirring like big beetles plowing through the dust. Beside the driver of each under the great sun-hood an infantryman sat with his rifle on his knee, guarding the precious cargo of oats or bread or bacon behind, and swearing incessantly at Mexico and its pulverized roadbeds.

The last truck drew abreast of me, and the kind-hearted driver shouted:

"Get on behind and tow your horse."

I showered on that chauffeur all the blessings that I knew, took a secure and soft seat on a grain sack in his truck, and paid out tow line to the startled broncho. The pony did not like being towed. His walk was too slow for the silly, horseless wagon, his gallop was too fast. It was undignified to travel that way; it necessitated rapid trotting, and only

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cattle, pack-mules, and soft cavalry horses from the effete East ever trot fast. His pride was hurt, and the inhaled clouds of dust which the truck threw up were not good for his lungs. After two miles he began to shake his head from side to side, his tongue rolled out, and blood trickled from his nostrils. He planted his forefeet, settled back on his haunches, and the lead rope was jerked smoking from my hands.

I leaped off the slowing-down truck, ran back, and inspected my mount. His head hung low, his eyes were glazed, his legs quivered, and his whole body seemed about to collapse into the alkali sand.

Hating myself for doing it, I swung my stiff body into the saddle. Like a shell from a gun, the red, foam-flecked little steed burst ahead at full speed, almost pulling the reins from my unready hands. He was a beast transformed. Was he not now being ridden as a horse should be, instead of being led like a silly pack-mule? One after another he passed the trucks, which were doing a lumbering eight or nine miles an hour, and, unheeding the now feeble efforts of his suffering rider to check him, finished in good wind with the vanguard of the motors at Gibson's Ranch, two miles away and fourteen miles from Columbus.

A fourteen-mile dead heat with motor trucks across a blistering desert course with an ungainly and hampering rider on his back —that record of the little sorrel "desert rat" would have been beyond the powers of many big Northern horses twice his size. But the red broncho thought nothing of it. While waiting to cool off before being permitted to eat the short green grass under the Gibson windmill or plunge his dusty muzzle into the muddy little slime-covered pool which the windmill filled, he rubbed noses with the roan mount of a sergeant of the Signal Corps who was repairing the field telegraph wire at that ranch, and told the sympathetic roan how he had been shamefully compelled to eat the dust of a supply truck.

That is the sort of horse that is keeping Pancho Villa and his picturesque desperadoes ahead of the bigger, handsomer, but softer steeds of the American cavalry in the race for life through the foot-burning sands of the desert and the foot-bruising malpais rocks of the Chihuahua mountains.

Nevertheless it was without a tinge of regret that I left the red pony with the Signal Corps sergeant, to be brought along to Boca Grande, the next important watering hole, while I climbed up on a truck, stretched my exhausted body on the soft load of sacked oats, and tilted high the cool, dripping water-bag which the truck's chauffeur carried.

A few yards beyond the Mexican border, which the road crosses below Gibson's Ranch, bloated in the sand was the body of a Villa victim, an American cowboy. Not a Mexican was to be seen anywhere. The people who had inhabited the few small adobe buildings scattered along the trail had fled when the word was passed, "The gringoes are coming."

Another two hours of pitching and lurching on the road, which grew steadily rockier and more up and down, then the valley narrowed and cottonwood trees began to appear, a sure sign of near-by water. We passed a group of engineers, each man carrying a pick or a shovel in addition to his rifle. Our truck lurched down into a washed-out gully and stuck on the upward side. The engineers crowded in behind and beside the big supply wagon and added their combined strength to the efforts of the loud motor, but the truck did not move.

"Instead of pushing, dig away the hill in front of us," I suggested with intended irony. They missed the irony, took the suggestion seriously, and in ten minutes had so reduced the grade of the road that the truck was able to crawl groaning over the slope and lumber onto the slight declivity that led into a little plain where the river curves at the place called Boca Grande.

"Big Mouth," the translation of the Spanish name of the place, is on the map because it boasts one ranch house, a good watering hole, and a ford in the river. A company of the infantry with a few men of the Signal Corps were quartered there.

Instead of camping for the night at Boca Grande, as we had expected to, we were told to press on in order to get our supplies to the fast-moving cavalry ahead. The road grew rapidly worse, and but for the improvements made by the engineers would have been impassable. Carranza's refusal to permit our forces to use the railways has greatly handicapped the expedition, but the feat of supplying eight thousand men from forty to three hundred miles away from the base at Columbus has been accomplished with remarkable efficiency, considering that we were unprepared for this expedition. Engineers

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are constantly repairing and improving the road, detachments of soldiers are placed at intervals to guard it, and an aeroplane wings its way between field headquarters and Columbus daily to prevent surprise attacks on the long line of communications.

Soon after leaving Boca Grande we climbed to a high, broad plateau between wide-apart ranges of the Sierra Madres. The mountains were of those fantastic forms peculiar to our Southwest and Mexico. For miles one range was serrated and as evenly cut as the teeth of a saw. Other peaks were shaped like great pyramids, edges crumbled and bases immersed in the drifted sands of centuries. Others were cylindrical, cubic, or oblong in shape, and some were in the grotesque forms of the jigsawed blocks of a picture puzzle.

Our engine stopped at half-hour intervals, and the other trucks left us behind on the barren table 5,000 feet above the sea. There had not been a house for miles, or any signs of man except the deeply rutted roads and the dead horses of Villa and his pursuers that had failed to stand the pace of the pell-mell bandit hunt.

The desert lay around us like a vast sea, and our truck seemed a crippled bark limping across an interminable ocean. The sea never terrifies me, even in its angriest moods, but the desert does. The temper of the sea, lashing and snatching at its intended victims, seems terrible, but almost human. Neptune's moods are understandable. But the desert never moves, never heaves in anger, merely waits for its prey and waits, vindictive, implacable, and insatiate.

The engine balked again and again. We were short of gasoline and water. The sun went down and a cloud-bank smothered the afterglow. Another mass of clouds filled up the mountain gap where the full moon ought to rise.

It was against orders and it was dangerous to light the head lamp, but we had to do it. Without the lamp we ran into mesquite bushes every time the road turned, which was often. We lit the lamp, and, moving to the front seat, I held my sombrero over the light, muffling most of it, but liberating a concentrated stream of silver that played on the road ahead. Even with this precaution we knew that we were as visible as a moving lighthouse to any marauders who might be lurking in the mountains, and who could come up within fifty feet of us unseen.

The chauffeur and the guard softly cursed the other chauffeurs for leaving us alone. For about two miles we ran on like this, all three of us very uncomfortable and not trying to hide it from each other. Then, slipping over a ridge, we saw six pin-points of light, far away and flickering, but too low for stars.

"Camp-fires," said the guard, "and they must be ours; the Mex's wouldn't light up here."

Our assurance restored, we put on speed and bounced merrily over the bumpy road, with the engine rumbling like a muffled machine gun.

A rifle barked from the bushes ahead and a bullet whimpered down the wind! Immediately there was another bark and another whine, much closer—too close. The soldier cocked his rifle and shouldered it in one motion; I pulled out my automatic and crouched down on the running-board, losing the sombrero and letting a flood of light on the trail. It was too late to back; we could not turn on that road, and the chauffeur gave her more "engine" with one hand and jerked out his pistol with the other.

Two men stepped from the bushes seventy feet away fairly in the cone of the headlight. We covered them, but did not shoot, for their uniforms looked American. But no, their faces were too dark for Americans, they must be Mexi—no, they were too dark for that.

"Darkies!" yelled the guard; "two good old African calvarymen."

"Say, boys," said the taller of the black pair, when we slowed down beside them, "whata you-all trah-in' ter do—a little suicide stunt?"

They had twice called on us to halt, they said, before firing; but their hail had been lost in the noise of our engine.

We were at Espia, where there was water, with the other trucks of the caravan. While we ate the "chow" prepared by the cooks of the Negro detachment the moon came up, an event that moved the civilian chauffeurs to burst into song. With the bright moon, the fragrance of coffee and bacon, and the college ballads, the gathering seemed more like a harmless summer picnic than part of a warlike expedition traversing a country that might be hostile.

As we were about to turn in for the night the order came to go ahead. It was easy work now, with the full moon unclouded, and at midnight we ran out of the desert on

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a wide hard road between two rows of old cottonwoods that kissed overhead. Well-built adobe houses lined each side of the road, all of them roofless. It was the town of Colonia Diaz, founded and fostered by the dictator whose name it bears, shelled and burned and rendered almost tenantless by Antonio Rojas, an adherent of Orozco, in the "Red Flag" revolution of 1912. A coyote wailed on the town's outskirts, and from the shade of a crumbling house a homeless and hairless Chihuahua dog answered. There was no other sign of life. Yet, substitute elms for cottonwoods, and that splendid avenue might have been the main street of a sleeping New England village.

"This looks like old Connecticut," said one of the "dough boys," as the foot soldiers are called, and for the first time the men expressed some enthusiasm for the beauty of Mexico.

We did not stop at Colonia Diaz, but went on and camped near the town of Ascencion, in a field where were parts of two regiments of infantry, a few troops of cavalry, and a battery of screw-guns, the portable mountain artillery that is packed on mule-back. Over the road that we had traversed during the latter part of our day's jaunt the route had been exceptionally well guarded. Turning corners, we saw sentries lying prone in thickets and covering everything that passed with their rifles. Two or three times it gave me a start and made me instinctively duck to see a sombrero above a rifle which pointed toward me from a clump of bunch grass.

The natives in the fringe of houses north of Ascencion, who came out of their crumbling clay shells of houses like timid snails, were astonished at the conduct of the American soldiers. There was no murder, no rape, not even any looting—an unheard-of thing in Ascencion, which has been ransacked by many armed bands in the last four years of banditry and revolutions. The soldiers gave money for everything they took and cheerfully paid the exorbitant prices which were asked by some of the bolder natives and by the Chinamen, who are the misers and financiers of Mexican villages.

"It is most strange," an old Mexican remarked, "that your soldiers did not execute the boys who tried to steal two cans of gasoline this morning. Villa or Carranza would have shot them."

More than anything else, however, the sanitary precautions of the gringoes astonished the natives. Whenever a brook or river was reached, the up-stream parts were set aside for the slaking of human thirst, a section below that was reserved for horses and mules, and a third part yet lower down was set aside for washing. Guards patrolled each stream far above camp to see that it was not polluted by natives, and the Mexicans expressed much surprise at this. Was it not good Mexican custom to use all water indiscriminately for drinking, washing, or sewerage? What queer creatures these Americanos are, anyway, with their big horses, their clothes all of a color, their providential abundance of silver money and willingness to circulate it, and their peculiar suspicion of water!

If all the citizens of Mexico could see and talk with our soldiers and barter their goods in exchange for the bright gringo silver, there would be no possibility of such a widespread uprising against the foreigners as Villa would like to excite.

The motor-truck caravan started late from the camp near Ascencion, and not till nearly noon began to pass the long column of infantry, artillery, cavalry, and wagon trains that had started early. This was the largest force of our troops I had yet seen on the march in Mexico. It seemed to number almost five thousand men, but actually comprised about two thousand, or about one-third of the number which at that hour we had in Mexico. The horses trotted easily, champing their bits; the "dough boys" swung along in fine fettle, throwing jokes at us as we rode past in our "desert limousines."

An aeroplane skimmed south above us, and one Negro trooper said to another, looking skyward:

"Sam, how'd yah like to travel like that?"

"Well, Bo," replied Sam, "Ah reckon that feller's got less rocks in his road than we have, but the height sure am most perspir-in'ly terrible."

Every one was good-natured, from colonels to cooks, and confident that they would get Villa if given time.

As we passed through two or three half-destroyed Mexican villages near the end of our march at the site selected for temporary field headquarters of the expedition, a handful of American ranchers and scouts joined us. The Mexican inhabitants had fled several days before, after Villa had shot five of them, who were employees of the American-

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controlled Corralitos Cattle Company, and believed to be pro-gringo.

A few miles more and we came to a broad plain beside the stream, small now, but a torrent in the rainy season, which is variously known as the Rio Corralitos, Rio San Miguel, and Rio Casas Grandes. On the east bank a wireless telegraph pole had been erected, and the apparatus was already "sending," for the dynamo on wheels was loudly throbbing. Near by several aeroplanes had lately come to rest, and the aviators were eating their evening meal of bacon, hardtack, and coffee.

On the western bank of the river General Pershing had pitched his tent, and beyond it several hundred cavalry horses were picketed. We drove down to the stream between two rows of cottonwoods, the tree that grows in northern Mexico wherever there is water. The air was sweet with the aroma from the trees, and the drifting down from them clung to our clothing like snowflakes. A mile to the south was the Mormon settlement of Colonia Dublan, with its wooden houses, and, beyond, the adobe Mexican towns of Casas Grandes and Nuevo Casas Grandes.

Two troops of cavalry, one white and one black, wheeled down to the river in a long crescent, the whites on the right horn and the Negroes on the left. With the setting sun flaming on their spurs, bits, and rifle barrels, they walked their horses to the water's edge, checked them, and then simultaneously let them drink.

The American uniform in Mexico! How good it looked to those of us who had campaigned with native armies, never knowing when some pretended Mexican ally would shoot us from behind! How good it must look to the Americans who have stuck to their guns on this last frontier in North America through five years of anarchy and political chaos!

A sunburned rancher who had trotted in behind us must have read my thoughts, for he drew up as we were watching the drinking horses and said: "Look pretty good, don't they? Well, you bet we're glad to see 'em; and when they go out, we go too."

These first few days in Mexico confirmed my belief that the physical difficulties of broad-scale intervention in that country would be tremendous. But these first experiences also left me with the conviction that it would be calamitous for our army to withdraw from Mexico until not only Villa but all of his men and all Mexican bandits in general have been killed or captured and the country controlled by a Government that can keep order.

El Paso, Texas, April 8, 1916.

THE PRE-NOMINATION CAMPAIGN

POPULAR GOVERNMENT STILL ON TRIAL

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

Mr. Davenport has in previous articles considered the available candidates for the Presidency, their personalities, and their careers. Mr. Wilson will be nominated by the Democratic party, and in all probability either Mr. Hughes, Mr. Root, or Mr. Roosevelt by the Republican party. The country appears to be reasonably safe against Presidential mediocrity. But the attitude of the two great parties upon the dominant issue of Americanism is not yet determined, and it is to the discussion of that issue that Mr. Davenport now turns. In a brief series of articles upon the defense of the United States he will consider what such defense means in a broad sense, not simply military and naval, but industrial, economic, financial, social, spiritual; and also what the attitude of the two great parties is likely to be upon this issue.—THE EDITORS.

AN old farmer in the up-State country of New York said to a friend of mine the other day, in speaking of the European war: "I don't know anything about it; I don't allow myself to think about it." Here we have the intellectual basis of pacifism, so far as it genuinely appears among average men in the United States. It is the American tradition of comfortable isolation which gives strength to the peculiar pacifist propagandism of the Bryanists and the Socialists. There are still vast masses of men in the United States who have not learned anything from the European war. For months nobody learned anything. The only reaction was that of a shock and a shud-

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der. But gradually a real body of public opinion about the war and what it means to the United States, to popular government, to democracy, to the world's future, is growing in America. The National policy of closing our eyes, of attempting to stifle the fundamental and universal instincts and ideals and aspirations of humanity, is daily proving itself more futile. Although we are likely to be kept from the physical slaughter, we are inevitably being drawn into the spiritual struggle.

The Battle of the Marne was fought and won for the German people and the people of the United States and for democracy throughout the world as much as for France. The genius of Joffre and the spirit of the French soldier gave inefficient democracy a breathing-spell and one more chance. And if democracy does not learn its lesson, it may never have, and perhaps does not deserve to have, still another chance. It was the prevailing incompetence of democracy and the need of quick efficiency in nationalization which dashed the hopes of the German democrats of 1848 and laid the foundation of Prussian militarism. And whatever we may say about the moral failure of Prussian efficiency, if it ever comes to a test in a crisis, any nation will decide for efficiency against freedom and morality. The instinct of survival is older and as yet deeper rooted than the instinct either of freedom or morality. And if some day we are suddenly called upon in America to decide between a democracy of incompetence and disorganization, of wasteful, shiftless, haphazard inefficiency, and an autocracy that will enable us at least to survive, I have no question as to what the choice will be. And it is to avoid the necessity of our having to make such a decision that we are now beginning to discuss eagerly the need of being wise in time.

Among the freer nations upon whom the blow fell, France has exhibited the finest democratic discipline. And even France was not prepared. The stupid political spoils system of relation between government and private manufacture sent the French forces into battle with red trousers. And it was Joffre who took that anachronism by the scruff of the neck and shook the life out of it. The political Minister of War, Millerand, wished the French armies to meet the swiftly oncoming shock of the Germans at the Aisne with one flank in the air, rather than in the Department of the Marne with both flanks protected against disaster. And again it was Joffre who demanded a new Minister of War within twenty-four hours under penalty of his own resignation as Commander-in-Chief. Political France, democratic France, was not ready.

But if not France, what shall we say of democratic England? Her fleet appears to have been the only bulwark against an increasingly effete democratic civilization. She had begun too late to make her working class a great national asset instead of the raw material of exploitation. The bravery and sacrifice of the remnants of her ancient aristocracy have not comforted her in the face-to-face contemplation of an unequal and unjust caste system which has tapered towards dire and inexcusable poverty and social disintegration. The soul of the Briton is rising to the task, but industrially, socially, spiritually unprepared was England for the fateful hour.

Certainly as a result of the great war there is slowly coming over the United States a startling self-revelation. We have not been without premonition and some foreknowledge of the approaching unveiling. The old Fourth of July speeches of buncombe and bombast have been dust-covered now for nearly a quarter of a century. During that whole period we have been in grapple with political and economic tyranny, corruption, and injustice within the Nation. During that whole period we have known that we were in woeful lack of social cohesion. Now that we have a better perspective upon the political revolution of 1912, we can see more clearly its inner meaning. What millions were groping after was greater internal political freedom and social preparedness. It was but a single phase of the whole great problem of the defense of the United States, which now we are beginning to see in larger outline.

Following the Civil War there came for the United States such a burst of industrial prosperity as the world never saw before. And it put a strain upon individual and National character almost too great to be borne. The country has not yet forgotten it, nor entirely got over it, although conditions are vastly improved. The country has not forgotten the struggle for wealth, earned and unearned; the pursuit of the easy dollar; graft, petty and great, from the kitchen and the stable to the throne-room of the insurance president; the speculative management of great properties rather than a straightforward business management; the immoral

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and frequently illegal struggle for monopolistic control over the resources of the Nation; the development of the high financier, picturesquely described as the man who could buy a porterhouse steak of the butcher, incorporate it, overcapitalize it, pay the butcher in common stock, sell the preferred, hypothecate the bonds, and eat the steak; the overflow of this great fund of wealth, earned and unearned, lavishing itself upon State and National political machines which it was able thereby to control against the public will. Those days are not altogether gone, although they are going.

But what we thought was the main battle we now see was only a skirmish. The defense of the United States has assumed far greater proportions of need in the light of the European war. Our wealth of nearly two hundred billions and our population of a hundred millions appear more than ever to be in unstable equilibrium. We are a great, prosperous, overgrown, individualistic democracy, a mighty population without self-control or discipline or sense of co-operation, or heroism except in plunges of impulse. We are individually capable. We have our great inventors and financiers and lawyers, but we lead the world also in the unsocial phenomena of homicides and railway accidents and the widespread destruction of property by fire. We are still a sectional people. There are three United States—the East, the West, and the South. No one of these sections understands another. Lawlessness is a National characteristic, if not a trait. The gunmen of Becker, the McNamara dynamiters, the hangmen of Frank, the lynchers of Negroes, are all human symptoms of an unsocial disease. It is the farthest fringe of an extreme and unrestrained individualism which issues at last into crime and anarchy.

A real and evident lack of collective democratic power and discipline is rapidly giving rise to the conviction that popular government in the United States is still on trial. We have called our country "the melting-pot of the nations," but we know now that there is not fire enough under the pot to melt the hyphens, let alone the foreign names which link themselves with the word American. And it is more our fault than theirs. We have not a central government strong enough or intelligent enough to formulate a suitable plan for the rational distribution, to say nothing of the assimilation, of the immigrant millions. We allow the current of least resistance to carry them into the great proletariat areas of the cities, and helplessly we grasp at artificial tests of exclusion which fit neither into the economic nor the patriotic policies of progress. And when we see the present peril of it all, then we seek by sledge-hammer denunciation to drive out of the hyphenates at one blow the natural love of the country from which they recently came, and to drive into them a new National devotion. And it is no wonder that we fail. It is no wonder that from the standpoint of National solidarity the labor troubles of the future seem more ominous to us than those of the past ever did.

It is our democracy that is inefficient. Our State governments lack the power to advance the true interests of the people because they lack the discipline of economy and of intelligent leadership. They are ever adding to expenditure, but never subtracting from waste. And the Government at Washington is not a whit behind. The peril of the "pork barrel" is National and cynical, and nobody cares.

We are a prosperous, overgrown, individualistic democracy. We are strong individuals. We are not knit together. There is no sound system or discipline. Our soldiers on the border give splendid individual account of themselves when once awakened in the early morning at Columbus. But the sentinel discipline is imperfect, and the bandits creep unseen upon a sleeping community, and the machine guns fail to work, and the rifle and ammunition lockers must be broken open, and for days there are no motor trucks available for supply trains, and the sick on the desert are jolted back to the border in army wagons, and the aeroplane service fails. Much excellent individualism, but no disciplined solidarity.

In a lightning-flash the European conflict has revealed us to ourselves—our disintegration, our unpreparedness either for peace or for war. And it has also brought out into clear relief in our minds that we have a National creed, National policies that we must either give over or take the trouble to get ready to defend—the old Monroe Doctrine, the new Pan-Americanism, Asiatic exclusion, a part in enforcing international law when the world comes to its senses, the open door in China, the freedom of the seas. A Nation fit for defense, but, above all, fit for service, a unity of spirit, a National consciousness, a National discipline, a National soul—a programme for the defense of the

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United States must produce these or be worthless to the American people.

This great broad kind of defense, which is the only sort worth while, this National integration, might be brought about through war, as in the case of England and France. There have not been wanting in America those who have sincerely and patriotically hoped that the troubles with Mexico might assume sufficiently serious and dangerous proportions so that the American people, and particularly the Congress of the American people, might be startled into the channel of adequate defense. Men of this view have looked with a greater or less degree of placidity upon the Villa raid as one further providential indication that the Lord watches over fools and the United States, and that now the Nation might be shocked into reflection and preparation. But it would be far better to have the awakening come through the slowly aroused purpose and conviction of the whole country. In that event, the preparation would be in line with the genius of democracy, a true spiritual and social renaissance, arising out of National enlightenment, and not out of war. Then should we understand that the real lesson of the European struggle is that we must put our trust, not primarily in the military and naval arm, but in a nation fit and ready; that henceforth wars are to be fought and dangers of invasion are to be averted, not by soldiers, but by whole disciplined peoples; that in successful warfare it is necessary to have three skilled, contented, patriotic workmen in the factories to every one brave soldier in the trenches; that industrial, economic, and financial, and, above all, social and spiritual preparedness, are the only safe basis of National permanence, of National service, of National peace.

There are likely to be five or six months of the most searching discussion which has taken place in America since the Civil War. We know what a broad campaign of education meant to the country in 1896. At the beginning only an infinitesimal fragment of the American people at all understood the currency problem. The most depressing chapter of American history of a hundred years had been the currency chapter. At the conclusion of the campaign a great light had broken upon the National electorate.

In the Nation-wide discussion which is about to ensue, the most careful attention, strangely enough, must be given to the temper and the training of the great Middle West. I say strangely enough, because the Middle West has usually been the center and source of our great National democratic movements. But now there is very grave question whether the Middle West sees or reasons clearly upon the issue of preparedness for peace and war. In the Mississippi Valley there is a great group of States, normally Republican, which have exhibited little interest in National defense or protection of American rights. North Dakota, South Dakota, Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, the great group of wheat-growing commonwealths, which would naturally vote against Wilson on traditional grounds, seem to be against any preparedness at all. If you listen to the voice of Kansas, you would think that she was for Bryan and for peace at any price. How cowardly are these States going to make the Republican party when the delegates gather at Chicago? Is the spirit which animated the inglorious 103 Republicans in the armed merchantmen controversy in the House of Representatives to prevail and dilute a straightforward declaration of National right and of National need?

I have but one suggestion to make about the education of the Middle West. I do not at all agree with those who believe that the West is at last patriotism-forsaken, selfish, inert, and in her mid-continental safety and abundance careless of the Atlantic or the Pacific coast, of the welfare of New York and San Francisco. There is undoubtedly apathy and inertia, as elsewhere in the United States. But I think the chief difficulty is that the preparedness issue has never been presented to the Middle West in accordance with the generous and patriotic spirit of that exceedingly democratic section of our country. We have always to remember that the Middle West is idealistic and missionary, that what it hates about the talk of preparation for defense is the waste and bloodthirstiness of militarism, the growth of the crass materialism of another brood of munition millionaires; that what it fears in universal military service is the loss of years out of the lives of the young manhood of the country after the manner of Germany and France, the training in the spirit and discipline of carnage instead of the spirit and discipline of peace. What the Middle West needs is a broad and kindly education in the very different sort of spirit and scheme of preparation which characterize the Republics of Switzerland and Australia. I believe the Middle West could in a few

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months' time easily be converted to a broad preparedness which emphasizes National unity and manhood and international peace and the service of the world.

The Republican political managers will do well thoroughly to understand the Middle West before they make their platform declaration. Neither blustering nor pussy-footing, neither timidity nor rashness, neither bloodthirsty bravado nor peace at any price, will suit any corner or section of the United States after the campaign of discussion and reflection is in full tide. And the Republicans must speak first. They cannot afford to allow the Democrats to speak more firmly, more wisely, more patriotically, than they when the followers of Wilson meet at St. Louis the week after. The men who think, the men who dare, the men who hold the welfare of the whole country dear to their hearts, are all needed in the Republican counsels. The attitude of the Middle West being what it is, it will require only a little narrowness, a little petty factionalism, a little lack of National vision, a little of the old-time Bourbon rancor, to spill the beans effectively once more for the party now out of power.

Washington, April 11, 1916.

CAN SHAKESPEARE WITHSTAND THE STORM?

BY HERBERT VAUGHAN ABBOTT
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"I KNOW nobody who blasts by praise as you do." It is an unusually violent phrase even for Dr. Johnson to utter, and the enormity of his offense is the greater because, from his comfortable dining-room chair, he fired it at a genial hostess who, try as she might, could hardly pile her praises of the absent as lavishly as she had piled her dishes for her guests. But, violent as the phrase is, it has not half the destructive quality of the blight it denounced. We do blast by praise. And particularly we fellows of posterity blast our forebears. Many of those old giants of the forest that once ran sap we leave with only bare trunks and labels: Washington, *Pater patriæ Americanus;* Addison, *Arbiter Morum;* Michael Angelo, *Sculptor Musculorum.* There are exceptions, of course. Even "living trees" won't do as a figure of speech for such humans as Lamb and Goldsmith, Dan Chaucer and Ben Jonson. But "dead stumps" will do for a good many whom we have idolized, or at least *idea*-lized into something like wooden symbols. The hot blast of eulogy has been blowing upon Shakespeare for many generations. Will he ever be able to maintain his full human rights against it? For my part, I think there is a growing chance that he can.

"It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place and by a wrong person as can be done to a noble nature," is Ben Jonson's protest against overwhelming laudation. And the protest squares perfectly with his own downright picture of Shakespeare, as he knew him in the flesh. A man may stop at any time and stupefy himself with wonder as to how it comes about that one mortal differs from another in native knack, gift, or genius. Jonson didn't stop, but struck his sketch off boldly as he saw the man: "I remember the players have often mentioned it as honor to Shakespeare that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, 'Would he had blotted a thousand,' which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. . . . His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so, too. Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter. . . . But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There

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was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

Translated into modern dialect, this is the picture of a most companionable as well as manly nature, cultivated in speech, brilliant in imagination, and keen in intelligence, with a dash of exuberance that gave lesser men a pleasant sense of being—at times, at least—wiser than he. For more than half a century after his death it was this image, or something very like it, which lingered in men's memories. They spoke of the sweetness and eloquence of his versification, the happy strokes of his invention, the nimbleness of his wit, and the ease of his imagination, by which he embellished old tales and made them without arduous labor into plays. And they still gossiped with some pleasantry of his ways with his fellow-craftsmen.

But "sixty years after" brought its signs of danger. Occasionally some one spoke of the poet as the divine Shakespeare. The epithet surely meant no harm. It could hardly have been intended for much more than a mere outburst of enthusiasm into ready speech. But if the speech came readily, it came on stilts. The classical age of poetry had set in, Racined, be-Latined, be-Greeked, its eye on the proprieties and dignity of its own dress and costume.

Men had lost touch with the age in which Shakespeare had lived, with the splendid and reckless variety of experience it had offered, with its joy in all sorts of experiments, and its relish on the stage for new and strange sensations and episodes, like and unlike life, possible and impossible. The middle classes, toiling toward advancement by the slow processes of thrift, found their seriousness of purpose in life affronted by seeing king, clown, general, and petty officer mingle in a perfect medley of human relationship. The Marchioness of Newcastle's remark that it took as much wit to describe a knave to the life as an honest man, a jester as a grave statesman, did not appeal to their own gravity. They wanted a more sober and substantial answer to their problem. Need one say that a growing market always gets what it wants? Solemnity in the interpretation of Shakespeare was to begin.

But the new age had better excuses than this for losing track, in all sober sadness, of the witty gentleman Jonson had been content to know and honor. They had Locke and Sir Isaac Newton. They had that little group of faithful students of nature who in 1660 instituted the Royal Society. There is, no doubt, a rich field for scientific investigation in the superstitions, the credulities, the fanaticisms, all the caprices of belief and conviction, which had so largely constituted the mental life of previous generations. But these men of the modern spirit were only too glad, when they could, to banish it all and turn to the simple facts at their own doorsteps. They were tired of the play of mind. They wished cool, not captivated, judgments; the dignity of reasoned speech, not flights of fancy and the magic of style. It was no mood of mind in which to appreciate what the Elizabethans had called the honey tongue of Shakespeare. But did these gentlemen drop him altogether? Not at all. The author who could invent the wise maxims of Polonius was often equally wise elsewhere. As for the over-luxuriance of his style, perhaps, like his fellow-Elizabethans, he knew no better; perhaps he condescended to them. In either case, even the most philosophic poet must pay the penalty for being born before his due time.

But it was in the very theater itself that men most fully lost touch with those daring enterprises of the earlier dramatists in which Shakespeare had shown himself so genial and companionable a rival. In 1670 one Richard Flecknoe spoke of

> "inimitable Shakespeare's way,
> Promethean-like, to animate a play,"

by which, I suppose, he meant that vitality of a prevalent mood in each of the dramatist's greater plays which makes us, for instance, associate "Much Ado About Nothing" with the flash of wit and of swords, "As You Like It" with the spring of turf under our feet, "King Lear" with the elements, and "Hamlet" with the everlasting question of the why and wherefore of man's existence. But this was not enough in the way of unity to satisfy most of Flecknoe's contemporaries. It did not obviate their objection to the way in which Shakespeare flung scene after scene upon the boards, regardless of interruptions of time and changes of place, and to the lavishness with which he often projected merely subordinate incidents and minor characters into the center of the stage. It was an age in which readers and play-goers still dared to say as critics what they thought and felt as men. They were not yet prepared to have one standard for Shakespeare and another and more honest one for their own

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contemporaries. And what finer ideal could there be for any playwright than that dramatic concentration of the faculties which can press a situation of great significance into one brief crisis and by the representation of a few short hours of life and a room or two constitute a play? This, and this only, is what the new age meant by dramatic art. Compared with this, Shakespeare's profusion, cunning though it was in words, very naturally seemed undisciplined and barbarous.

To the Elizabethans Shakespeare could have seemed at best only the swiftest among the swift. He was an expert among experts. His outstripping his rivals might make him seem marvelous, but could hardly make him perplexing. But the man who disregards the first essentials of his profession and yet succeeds is puzzling indeed. To the men of the later and better-organized stagecraft Shakespeare was, and had always been, outside the pale of art. Why, then, should poets and critics who felt this strongly—a Johnson, a Pope—spend their acumen in editing his text with careful comment, and why should actors still find in his characters their greatest rôles? Men being in the state of mind they were then in, the mystery which all this involved was bound to grow. To deny Shakespeare's conscious skill and expertness was of course only to magnify his felicity and his powers of intuition. Thus his genius seemed both to sink below and to tower above the level of the practiced artist, and in their eyes became, what David Hume described his plays to be, "disproportioned" and "misshapen."

From this time on my tracing of the Shakespearean tradition must be brief. In 1664 a nameless gentleman had aptly enough called Shakespeare's writings a fine garden that wanted weeding; in 1768 Dr. Johnson compared him to a vast forest of oaks and pines and brambles. The next century was still young when Coleridge found that, like all great phenomena, the manifestation of inevitable law, the genius of Shakespeare was no fit subject for adverse criticism.

There are some words which seem to possess unusual powers of absorption, to lap up, as it were, the superstitions and other fluid notions of mankind. And *genius* is one of them. Used at first as a mere convenient synonym for Shakespeare's native endowment or natural bent, it grew to mean among the wonder-worshiping romantics of the early nineteenth century something altogether different in spiritual essence from the gifts of lesser men.

Nature is another such absorbing word. When the later seventeenth-century critics affirmed that Jonson had *art* and Shakespeare *nature*, all they probably meant by the latter term was natural capacity; or, at most, such a capacity for understanding and interpreting human nature. But the growing taste for comprehensive and sweeping generalization demanded a broader use of the term, and men were soon thinking of it as some one common clay, at birth alike in all of us, which only the changing circumstances of life shaped into the various manners and fashions of civilized and uncivilized man. A little later, with such lovers of German mysticism as Coleridge and De Quincey, it took on an even more mysterious aspect and became a substance equally basic to man, the physical universe, and even God himself. So richly endowed is your genius with this substance that by looking within himself he can discover, and by pouring himself out can manifest, some portion of the Eternal Truth. He is no longer individual, but a portion of the Universal. Such was Shakespeare. He had long been robbed of his Elizabethan fellowship; he had been robbed of his own canons of æsthetic and intellectual life; now he was beggared of his own identity.

The Germans, it is said, claim that Shakespeare belongs to them far more than to England. And since Goethe, Lessing, and Schlegel preceded Coleridge and De Quincey, this transcendental being I have just been describing very possibly does. It is the nature of the Teutons to expand. And none among them are more expansive than the German critic. He fills the whole *terrain* of his appreciation with his own highly idealized, devoutly spiritualized personality, and then, with that mixture of egotism, docility, and simpleness peculiar to his race, worships what he finds there. This, we suspect, is what he has done to Ben Jonson's old colleague. There are some of us who hope to be pardoned for not loving the result as much as he does. It is vague; it is obscure. It appeals to our wonder. But it can make no appeal, as did the Shakespeare of the Mermaid Tavern, to Anglo-Saxon friendliness or hearty human admiration.

For my part, I do not look forward to any real revival of Shakespeare upon the stage.

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Lavish scenery may occasionally give one of his plays a run, but only at the cost of destroying whatever continuity of action they may contain, distracting the attention from the lines, and rendering half the imagery superfluous and negligible. Occasionally a play produced in the Elizabethan manner may congregate a body of more or less antiquarian tastes; but is there any species of people for whose suffrage Shakespeare would have cared less? Surely no one fares worse in his comedies than the pedant. Our popular audiences, like those with which he must have filled his playhouse, demand current allusions, modern *motifs*, the very form and pressure of contemporary life. And audiences more critical, but equally alive to their own day, ask a more closely knit, more logically organized stagecraft than Shakespeare ever gives them. A Forbes-Robertson by sheer force of histrionic genius may now and then revivify a play, but this will be exceptional. If we are to grow again into acquaintance with a human Shakespeare, it surely must be elsewhere.

Of his personal appearance we shall never know much. William Carew Hazlitt has inferred that Shakespeare was crippled, because in his sonnets he speaks of being

"Made lame by fortune's dearest spite,

but I suspect that it is Hazlitt's logic which goes haltingly, not Shakespeare, for proof-texts, it is always well to remember, prove nothing.

We are slowly learning better than to search for bits of biography in Shakespeare's works.

Within the last few years Sir Sidney Lee has brought the wealth of his scholarship to bear upon the "dark story" of the Sonnets, and found it only a story. In so doing he has robbed us gossips of a mysterious woman or so, but he has given us new evidence of the dramatic nature of Shakespeare's mind, the alertly changing sympathies with which he invented all sorts of cross-purposes, contending passions, and contrasting points of view.

There are few things more helpful in bringing us into a sympathetic acquaintance with a man than the extravagances of his genius, for they reveal those inner fires which are too often hidden by decorum or discretion. Dr. Johnson, therefore, does more for Shakespeare than he thinks when he asserts: "A quibble is to Shakespeare what luminous vapors are to the traveler; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire." Of one of these quibbles a more penetrating critic, Maurice Morgann, wrote nine years later, "A skillful actor, well managing his tone and action, might with this miserable pun steep a whole audience suddenly in tears." Clearly, Shakespeare's irrepressible wit is too human to suggest the cold, intellectual sword-play of a Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

The chronology of the plays is now pretty well fixed, and, used discreetly, proves illuminating. No one can imagine Shakespeare's saying of himself what Joubert said some two hundred years later: "Nor am I strong enough for activity. I am fit only for the pursuit of perfection." One may even imagine him, in some moment of relaxation or bravado, anticipating the hearty affirmation of Scott that he did not give a curse for art. But, nevertheless, extraordinary must have been his persistent endeavor for what Sidney Colvin, describing the style of Keats, has called "a continual, positive, poetic richness and felicity of phrase," for that art which Mr. Neilson and Mr. Thorndike have so well described in saying: "Broken rather than completed images, richness of suggestion rather than unity of impressiveness, surprise and novelty in words rather than their delicate adjustment, make up an effect of bewildering enchantment rather than of perfected form."

A youthful poet always charmingly betrays himself; old age may do so; but in dealing with an artist's prime we are on less certain ground. What gives weight to our impressions, what develops them from a mere prepossession or prejudice to something like a conviction, are evidences so subtle and innumerable that no witness could present, and no judge could listen to, them all. Surely, it is the part of wisdom to be wary and circumspect, and to allow our inferences to grow naturally, slowly, and obviously, as they grow among reasonable men in daily life. This is the direction which modern criticism seems gradually to be taking, and, as it proceeds, it has an increasing body of knowledge to draw from, not only about the events of Shakespeare's own life, but, what is of far more importance, about all the rich nutriment and stimulus his age had to offer him.

Dr. A. C. Bradley in his "Shakespearean Tragedy" gives the sort of unstrained and sagacious criticism I have in mind when he

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classes Shakespeare with writers like Fielding and Scott, and not with a Milton or a Wordsworth. To borrow Dr. Johnson's description of himself and put it, perhaps, to apter uses, he lived in the world and took, in some degree, the color of the world as it moved along. Are we not equally safe in assuming that he could have had none of that petty pride in his own individuality which affects too many of your cubists and futurists? Letting his own originality look out for itself, how frequently he retouched other men's plays, dramatized their stories, and, catching their ideas as a sort of challenge, emulated and bettered them! Is there any sign that he insisted on an encyclopædic comprehensiveness of information about a subject before he ventured to use it in his plots and in his dialogue? It would be hard to find such an indication in either his works, the events of his life, or in the spirit of his age. We have pretty much outgrown the folly of supposing that he had no prejudices, but one can hardly conceive of him as being very often stubborn and set. His characters do not seem to start out according to some rigid and fixed preconceptions on his part, like a Thomas Good and Peter Badd in a story. On the contrary, they respond to the dramatic exigencies of each scene as it occurs, and yet, through the author's natural tact, notwithstanding occasional contradictions, preserve their identity, much as we haphazard, inconsistent mortals do in daily life. This flexibility, we may guess, the author shared with them.

He was too much charmed by the spectacle of feudalism, and certainly too satiric in his caricature of artisans, for a dispassionate view of human society. Some apparently would have been glad if they could have seen in him something of a reformer's zeal. But if he does not champion the illiterate, he was certainly not intolerant of human clay. What reformer surpasses him in understanding their imagination, so rich in folk-tale, and their processes of reasoning, so delicious in its stupidity and lack of logic? Had Tolstoy understood them half so well, he would certainly have written a different criticism of the author's Lear.

Apparently Shakespeare was quite as much interested in men's credulities regarding other men's motives as in the truth regarding their own. In his reading we know he often turned to stories where all the springs of action are so naïve and direct that a child may understand them, where kings divide their kingdoms for a caprice, and soldiers grow ambitious merely for a golden crown. One may suspect that something of Shakespeare's reputation for truthfulness to character is due to his trained feeling for what simple men, with only their own hearts to guide them, will be quick to believe, and to his skill in making other men as simple for the moment.

Other writers have done more than Shakespeare to tone up the moral system. No one, of course, would deny that he is, on the whole, a manly writer. No one will much quarrel with Charles Lamb for saying, in a fit of peevishness at Byronism, that "Shakespeare has thrust such rubbishly feelings into a corner, the dark, dusky heart of Don John in the 'Much Ado About Nothing.'" But if Shakespeare is not Byron, his moral fences are hardly more in number. Men have spoken of his large and tolerant temper. Possibly as we outgrow our idolatry we may come to admit that he was also often lax.

In more than one sense of the term the play with him was the thing. Like his fellow-dramatists, he was ready rather carelessly to set a human prejudice aflame if it could light him to a dramatic situation, for his art was dominant with him. On the other hand, his commonplace that "All the world's a stage" seems to get its force from his recognition that the stage, the world, and everything are, after all, the mere dramatic spectacles of an hour. This ironic state of mind to which he so often recurs seems a natural enough result of his combining an irresistible poetic ardor and a rich sense of humor within the same temperament.

What future scholarship may add to all this I cannot guess; nor, indeed, what it may take away. One thing, however, I contend for, that we should keep the poet within our fellowship. If a reader wishes guides, let him turn to George Wyndham's charming picture of Shakespeare's poetic youth in his edition of the poems, to Barrett Wendell's manly account of his æsthetic development, to Neilson and Thorndike's marvelously compact picture of his times, and to Walter Bagehot's shrewd and human essay. Above all, let him try an arm-chair, an open fire if he has one, some hours of leisure, and an unintimidated head, and then the Shakespeare of the "open nature" and "brave notions" may reappear, though all the ghosts of ultra-romantic criticism stand across his path.

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THE NATIONS AT WAR

AMERICA'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE EUROPEAN WAR: A MESSAGE FROM GENERAL GARIBALDI

BY GINO C. SPERANZA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN ITALY

IT has become almost instinctive for those of us who are away from home in these days when the moral stature of nations is being measured anew to ask of those among whom we have come what they think of America. Perhaps it is because we feel very keenly here that a thousand things in life are being reappraised and new valuations set upon them, or because the changes we see in the making seem so fundamental and significant that it does not seem possible that they will affect only the belligerents or the parties in immediate interest, but must have profound repercussions even in distant and isolated countries like our own.

In Italy the interest in the American attitude is limited to relatively few; among the masses there is no feeling one way or the other about us, probably because American intervention in or abstention from the European conflict appears as if it could have no direct or obvious effect upon results one way or the other. If the people think of us at all, I am afraid they think that we are perfectly consistent with our National characteristic as assumed all over Europe; that is, that, being a money-making people, we are naturally making the most of this splendid chance of gathering in some extra profits.

This belief to-day does not add to or detract from our reputation; it leaves it where it was. "What a lucky country!" I heard a Socialist Member of Parliament say of us. "They are making fortunes while we are giving our best resources in money and men to muzzle the German mad dog which has run amuck!" And his colleagues agreed with him.

Yet, after all, this element, however numerically large, is not the one which counts in any country, least of all in a country like Italy, where public opinion on foreign questions depends on relatively only a small minority—on a few men of thought and a few men of action.

Among these more thoughtful Italians I have found a singular openness of judgment, a great willingness to look at the question from every side and to weigh carefully every argument presented. Thus the argument that the Monroe Doctrine and our policy of no entangling alliances compel us to keep out of European politics is one which appeals to the logical Italian mind; and the realistic outlook of Italians in political matters tends to make them gauge our decisions by realistic tests. "A nation, unlike an individual," a prominent public man told me, "can go to war only for some real interest which affects the nation; individuals can fight for this or that cause or principle, and thus in almost every war we have had a 'foreign legion' of aliens fighting in the ranks of the national armies. But a patriotic statesman will never plunge his country into war unless some definite interest affecting directly or indirectly his nation is at stake or threatened. Politically, therefore, the United States can have no concern with the political changes or divisions which may threaten Europe as the result of the present war. In fact, the price of the political detachment of America from Europe is that, politically, it is no affair of hers whether Belgium shall exist again or not. Extreme as this example may seem, it is a logical one. It would be impossible for America to insist on the Monroe Doctrine and intervene in Europe in any political controversy. But, while no American interests are affected by the European war on land, the situation created by such conflict on the seas does profoundly affect American interests. Therefore Mr. Wilson performed a clear duty in his labor for the maintenance of the principles of international law *on the waters*, even though he did nothing more and really declined to fight for them."

So much for the political aspect. But, argue thoughtful Italians, the very nature of the principles upon which the United States was founded was bound to make Americans favor the Allies. The stamp of American institutions is more than democratic; it is profoundly Anglo-Saxon. A diminution in

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the world of Anglo-Saxon prestige would mean a diminution of American prestige. The war has shown the force of national and racial sympathies and ideals, and their great cohesive strength. What is true of small groupings is true of larger ones; if America, by the force of world events, cannot maintain her isolation, she must necessarily gravitate towards those who are nearest in kinship—the English. Add to this the fact that England shares the northern continent with her, and the community of interests is not only obvious but decisive of her policies.

"If there is room for criticism in the attitude of America," said a scholarly Roman professor, when I asked him for his views, "it is because, in my opinion, of a failure to see that unless certain things are decided now by force of arms, America will have to fight for those very same things in the future, and fight them alone. It has been a sort of myopic phase of your statesmanship." He alluded, of course, to the possible results of a Teutonic triumph in Europe, as preluding an eventual extension of German activities across the seas.

There is also in every country a group of men of action whose views count because, right or wrong, they, as forceful men, can impose them on public opinion. In Italy I would call them more expressively men of ardor, men who, perhaps, are poor logicians and unskillful with words, but who are so imbued with, if not consecrated to, principles as distinguished from policies that they know of no compromises, revolt at diplomatic methods, and divide all human conduct absolutely into right and wrong. They are primeval rather than cultured men, leaders from the proletariat rather than from the cultured or *bourgeois* classes. You find them leading revolutions when they become deeply stirred by what seems to them obvious injustice, and doing the fighting first and the thinking afterward.

Modern Italian history has had a supreme example of such a man of ardor and enthusiasm in Giuseppe Garibaldi. It was therefore to the scion of such a leader that I turned to get an expression of what the "ardent mind" of Italy thinks of America at this critical stage in the history of civilization. Severe I knew it would be and probably unjust, because the Garibaldian *stirps* knows no fine distinctions when it comes to a question of freedom—of freedom for any human being under the sun. And I knew that for a Garibaldi any considerations of policies or national duties would seem the excuse of cowardice while Belgium lay bleeding under the invader's heel.

I confess that I ascended the dreary flights of steps which lead to the modest apartment of General Ricciotti Garibaldi under a strong emotion. I thought how hard these stairs must be to the fighting man who to-day can walk only on crutches, and a thousand comfortable, richly furnished homes of successful men in America passed like an impure vision before my mind as I entered the very modest, the almost poor quarters of the son of a great epic figure, of the first-born of an almost legendary knight who had fought against oppressors on two continents and for freedom under any flag.

The room wherein I entered seemed a museum of war—of world wars; swords and guns of all types and periods, bugles, saddles, medals, trophies, and wreaths—in cases on tables, even on chairs, crowding everywhere. On the wall opposite to where I sat were the pictures of Bruno and General Ricciotti Garibaldi's other son who died for France in this war, a black scarf thrown over them, veiling their faces. All his other sons, five of them, are officers in the Italian army, one now recovering from a serious wound and three recently promoted for bravery on the field.

When Ricciotti Garibaldi entered, I saw a kindly, oldish man, long-bearded like his father. He had the face of a man of the people—round, a bit heavy, with quiet eyes. He was courtesy personified and spoke as readily in English as in Italian. [A portrait of General Ricciotti Garibaldi appears in our picture section this week.—THE EDITORS.]

Much that he said would not only make interesting reading, but would throw light on some phases of history; but I doubt if it would pass the censor! This I may recount, however, to show the ungovernable enthusiasm of the old soldier and to throw light on the unsparing sweep of his diatribe against us.

"When the war broke out in Europe," he said in a matter-of-fact way, "I cabled my sons who were in America to come home, and when they arrived I said to them: 'We must make a bloody sacrifice for the Cause; go and start a great fire.' And so it came to pass that two of my boys died for France. But when Bruno's body was brought to Rome and the people saw it, then they understood.

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And it lit a spark which set all of Italy ablaze."

When finally I asked him for his views on America in the European conflict, he called my attention to the fact that his preconceptions were all in favor of our country. "My father," he said, with feeling, "at the most critical time of his life—after the failure of the Rome undertaking—received the offer of the United States Consul to take refuge on an American sloop-of-war then lying at Civitavecchia, an offer of fine generosity, which he declined but never forgot; and during your Civil War you may remember that my father tendered his sword to Abraham Lincoln for the freedom of the slaves. Nevertheless," he added, after a pause, "I cannot help feeling that to-day America has failed in a great opportunity."

Urged to be more definite, he said that he would prefer to put his thoughts in writing, and in English, so that the message would be absolutely his own. I therefore obtained from him the following statement, written in a large, bold hand, which he delivered to me after reading it aloud:

AMERICA'S ATTITUDE IN THE PRESENT WAR

America's Italian friends deplore very much and with great sorrow the attitude taken by the United States in this war of Christianity and civilization against the most atrocious and aggressive barbarism.

It is completely lowering the high estimation in which the American people have been held till now, and the fact that it is helping the Germans to prolong their resistance to their inevitable punishment, thus causing the continued massacre of young lives, is a crime which neither God nor man will ever forget or forgive. And all this that a few more useless millionaires may add themselves to the many already existing.

A people that sells its dignity for gold becomes a prostitute among the nations, and America will one day rue her present attitude, if she does not quickly change it, when in the future inevitable struggle for the Far Eastern markets she will find European public opinion in favor of a wiser and younger rival.

A sincere friend of America and its people.

RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI.

I told him I thought it was pretty strong, but, assuming for the sake of argument that his views were right, how did he think that America could intervene in the war? "She could aid most effectively," he answered, "by shutting off all supplies to the central empires; she could sever diplomatic relations, intensify the manufacture of munitions of war, and send us as many torpedo-boats as she could spare.

"Think of it," he added, hotly, for by this time he was quite wrought up, "instead of an American fleet helping the cause of freedom in this war, there is a squadron of Japanese cruisers coming to our aid! Think of Japan forging ahead of America in the struggle for existence of a liberal and liberalizing Europe!"

I took my leave, helpless before such a storm. Despite his crutches, he accompanied me to the door. Hot-headed and unjust, violent, if you will, but the son of Garibaldi! How I wished that our position had been so absolutely and fundamentally just—so *humanly* just—that with a few words I might have converted him! For him there was one question, and only one—that we had failed to rally to the rescue of the innocent and to the aid of those who were fighting for freedom in Europe; no precedents, no theory of politics or law, no insistence on our historic isolation, would have helped in convincing him. We had talked of humanity, but we had not dared fight for humanity; and, because he believed in us, he sought and found the explanation of our inaction in the love of Mammon in some of us. The right had been overcome in Belgium and was in danger all over the world, and we had not gone to its succor. His family always had done so, for three generations, anywhere in the world, and for any one. I could not help a strong sense of emotion, despite my exasperation, when near this chip of the great rock, this whelp of the Lion of Caprera. He had come from the loins of one whose deeds had stirred two worlds and would live in history for countless generations. Had he known my country, he would not have judged it so harshly, but nevertheless I felt some sense of humiliation at the thought that one would have to go into a long and legalistic explanation to prove to Garibaldi's son that the "Land of the Free" had not failed in its duty to liberty and to the cause of humanity.

Rome, Italy.

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MOVING AN ENTIRE REFORMATORY

BY O. F. LEWIS

GENERAL SECRETARY, PRISON ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK

SOLO

" When the boys in blue are marching
To the Penitentiary,
Some of them are doing six months
While the others are only doing three.
At the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street
We gave them a hearty cheer.
This is all they had to say
Just before they went away:

CHORUS

'Give my regards to the Tenderloin
There's where I long to be.
My home is on the East Side,
Twenty-sixth is Broadway to me
The lights and the fights every evening
Would turn old Broadway upside down
So give my regards to the Gas House
When you're in town.'"

ACROSS the East River rang this prison-made folk-song in the dawn of April 1 from the upper deck of the Correction, the Department's steamboat. With one hundred and seventy-five young fellows, New York's "toughest guys," on board, the boat was picking its way down from Hart's Island, through Hell Gate, past Blackwell's Island, where the gloomy walls of the Workhouse and the Penitentiary loomed against the rising sun, around the Battery, where the early ferry-boats treated their commuters to this unaccustomed sight, and over to the Erie Railroad's docks in Jersey City, where the entrainment of this unprecedented consignment of young law-breakers was to take place—all of them *en route* to the farm colony sixty miles away in Orange County.

I stood on the upper deck beside the group of some twenty singers bunched tightly around a young Jew, who, with lean, eager face and wearing tortoise-shell glasses, was leading them. The strange nasal, staccato melody they sang with fervor. Standing near were a score of other gray-coated listening boys, their rolled blankets and imitation guns scattered about the deck. One youngster cuddled in the crook of his arm a mongrel pup two months old, a canine waif not to be left behind, with big brown eyes and a tongue that wanted to kiss all comers. A bit farther off stood the newest inmate, a fair-haired lad with clean-cut features; he wore a *pince-nez* fastened around the ear by gold chain and clasp. He looked wonderingly at the group with its hearty but rough-shod manners. He "came from Wall Street," and told me he was a member of a cavalry troop in the National Guard. [A picture of some of the boys will be found on another page.—THE EDITORS.]

On this boat was happening something more venturesome and radical than anything yet in prison management, at least in this section of our country. So simply and successfully was it occurring that it seemed nothing but a lark of a crowd of East Side chaps. Yet nearly two hundred of New York's "toughest," all committed to prison, and some of them with institutional records, were being transferred, without a shackle or handcuff, without even a revolver or any other weapon in the pockets of any of the ten keepers, from one prison to another. The young fellows had the full liberty of the steamboat. In a constant stream they circulated from deck to deck. Each boy carried an imitation gun weighing seven pounds, mighty handy as a club against unarmed keepers, had there been any plot.

Two years ago, in March, Miss Katharine B. Davis, then Commissioner of Correction in New York City, took twelve picked lads from the City Reformatory at Hart's Island, where several hundred inmates were living in very congested quarters, to the "Farm" in Orange County, which the city owned, but which it had not opened up. That was the start. How daring that was is now ancient history. Even two years ago it caused a small newspaper sensation. Some few of the boys soon ran away, and others have gone since—not many, and most of them have been recaptured. In small squads boys have occasionally been transferred to the Farm. But for the 1st of April, 1916, the great adventure was slated, the bodily transfer of the entire remaining population. Even two years ago the mere suggestion of such a wholesale tempting of the Fates would have been regarded as entirely befitting the day upon which the deed was finally successfully done.

It was distinctly a gamble. Suppose there were an outbreak on the boat? Suppose, at Jersey City, the boys made a get-away while boarding the train? Suppose

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on the mile walk from the New Hampton station to the Farm something should happen? But nothing did happen.

The great outstanding feature of this trip of eighty miles was the humanness and the community interest of it all. A year ago Hart's Island presented a most serious condition of unintelligent and often vindictive treatment of the inmates. The most unsafe thing in New York would have been, at that time, such a transfer as the one I am recounting. I doubt if the lives of some of the keepers would have been safe. But a new superintendent, Louis E. Lawes, came from a responsible position at Elmira Reformatory to be superintendent of the Hart's Island institution. The history of the past year is simply that of wisdom, patience, devotion, and personality. Hart's Island is run "on the level," the boys say, and so the transfer to Orange County was run by the boys "on the level."

For months the trip had been anticipated. Tales of what the Farm was had seeped down to the city institution. Fifteen boys who had run away from the Farm were at Hart's Island, and told about the life up there—and they also were to be taken back on the trip. About the same number were to be taken who had retainers against them —that is, warrants for their arrest, and probably another term of imprisonment, after they should finish their present term. Surely there existed a strong temptation to take French leave during the trip. But nothing happened.

The inmates were keyed up with expectation. The bugle that blew before the dawn, at 4:15, was superfluous. Over in the dormitories they were rolling their blankets, with the pair of shoes inside, into a loop to carry over their shoulders. The oatmeal and milk for breakfast was hardly touched. Four hundred sandwiches, with thick layers of meat, were the only ammunition carried, along with two great cans of milk. Surely a peaceful army with which to invade Orange County!

A boy who had twice run away wore the red cross of a hospital helper on his sleeve. He was going! A boy who two weeks ago stole a boat and escaped from the island (and had been returned) was going! Four dogs of uncertain parentage were going. Indeed, seemingly everything was going; yet the quietness, the orderliness, of the boys was surprising. And each boy had a new pair of rubber boots. It was "mud time" in Orange County.

I had a before-dawn breakfast in Superintendent Lawes's dining-room. The walls had been painted by an inmate. The dado was a succession of mountain and river scenes, with a sense of color, composition, and perspective that surprised me. "They did it as a surprise to me while I was away for a few days," said Mr. Lawes.

Later, on the steamboat, while the inmate band was playing a popular air, several of the boys were finger-whistling, and doing it well. "Where did you learn to do that?" I asked one of them. "Oh, just picked it up on the street corner," was the answer. Then, after a moment's silence, he said, quietly, "Every one has got some talent in him."

That young fellow hit the secret of rational prison reform in that one sentence. The fine personality of many a warden or superintendent of to-day is discovering the talents that, like those of old, have been neglected or buried. The inspiration of the trip I was making lay in the bubbling forth of the repressed or the buried talents in terms of character or human brotherhood.

It was not yet bright day when, with the inmate band playing, the two inmate companies marched aboard the Correction and broke ranks. There was a complete absence of "rough-house." Indeed, as the lines were cast off the band played "Auld Lang Syne." On the dock an aged keeper wept. "I saw the insane leave the island, and now the boys are going. They're good boys, too." Handkerchiefs were waved and good-bys shouted and messages were sung out to be carried to the Farm.

Simple enough, you say. Assuredly! But only because such an event as this ushers in the new era, when the prison inmate's life shall, so far as possible, be made up of the *usual*, instead of the *unnatural*. Upon me, who have been long enough a worker and a student of prison reform to remember and know the bitter severity of the past, even when called sane discipline, the very simplicity and "usualness" of the scene produced an almost overpowering emotion.

Nor was it lessened during the trip down the river. Everywhere good humor and fellowship cropped out. Just like other boys, these lads got hungry at once. Out came the sandwiches, followed by the doled-out milk. Passing Fort Schuyler both the Stars and Stripes and the Reformatory flag were

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wildly waved aboard the boat, with no response from the fort. "Dem guys is a bunch o' stiffs! Don't dey love deir country?" The explanation that the soldiers were no longer there hardly succeeded in satisfying.

A jolly Irish lad perpetrated an enormously funny imitation of a street faker selling "Little Atlas Cleaner." The movie man bunched the boys for several hilarious pictures. The patients in the Riverside and the Metropolitan Hospitals waved their heartiest greetings. Tugs blew three whistles in salute. From the dark barred windows of the women's division of the workhouse scores of hands were outstretched, waving handkerchiefs. Faces we could not see, but surely many a lad on the boat knew some young woman within those walls.

A young fellow standing next to me at the rail said, pointing across to Manhattan, "Dere's where I live, next dat building wid de water-tank." Silence a moment, then softly, "So near and yet so far. I got a year till I see dat place again!"

Back of me broke out again the singing group, this time with a song about the boat Correction that we were on.

"Where the Old Correction flows
There's where all the tough guys goes.
Where the tripping is great
And you never come late,
But march right up in twos.
Mr. Lawes, their boss, is grand,
And their troubles he understand.
And there's no returning
To the hearts that's yearning,
Where the Old Correction flows."

I reasoned with the lad who transcribed these lines for me, that the Correction doesn't flow. "W'y not?" he retorted. "Don't she move along de water? Ain't dat flowin'?" I was answered.

At the Jersey City dock we met Commissioner of Correction Burdette Lewis and former Commissioner Davis. The special cars were rolled down to the end of the dock. Federal soldiers would not have entrained more quietly than did our lads. Even in the station at Jersey City itself there was no boisterousness. Whatever noise was necessary was made by the band. It seemed as if they would literally blow their heads off, so conscientiously often did they play.

With the necessary division of the boys into several cars much of the jollity ceased. Chewing-gum appeared, purchased at Jersey City, and after that molasses kisses. After a time came another round of sandwiches, followed up by more milk. And at every stop the band played again, which led to what was the only episode of the day involving danger. At Goshen a poor country horse became scared by the band and started to bolt. Funny that a horse should be the only thing to start to run away!

The New Hampton station was reached just before noon. Detraining was accomplished with precision and decorum. The rural inhabitants were far more excited than the boys. Then followed a tramp through the mud of a road, deeper than any I have seen in twenty years. Formations were broken, and even the band had to quit playing. Ultimately the head of the column was at least a quarter of a mile ahead of the rear guard. The dog mascots were now swimming, now shaking mud from off their coats. One of the keepers got so embedded in the mud that he lost his rubber boots. Still the boys plodded on, until, with the movie man grinding furiously away at the first farmhouse on the grounds, and with band playing, colors flying, and Commissioner Lewis leading, the entire troop marched into the inclosure where the temporary dormitories have been erected.

Work in abundance awaits the boys, both construction and farm labor. There is a splendid modern reformatory to be erected, so far as possible by inmate labor. There is an eight-hour working day on the farm for every week-day except Saturday. The reformatory site overlooks a beautiful, peaceful valley which in two weeks will begin to be verdant. The boys received a tough initiation to country life when they waded through mud to temporary buildings that require a system of roughing it. Many a boy was surely homesick for even the cramped and non-reformatory environment of Hart's Island. But a hundred other boys were already there to make the way easier. Work was under way for the new buildings.

And probably the proper psychology was pursued when, almost at the moment of arrival, the new boys sat down again to eat. One lad looked up to me and said, while bending over his stew: "Say, dat's sure some stew! And dat tea! W'y, you can taste de tea in it! Whacha know about dat?"

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BY THE WAY

"Ramona," the romance of Indian life by Helen Hunt Jackson, which first appeared in this journal, has been dramatized for the movies. Seventy-six editions of this story, totaling 3,800,000 copies, have been printed, making it one of the most popular books ever issued. A seventy-seventh edition is on the press.

During the last year and a half 678,443 horses and mules have been shipped from the United States to Europe for the Allies. These animals have brought good prices to their owners—upwards of $200 each, it is stated.

The expenditure involved in maintaining a fashionable automobile in the city is illustrated by a table printed in the "Automobile Club Journal." The average cost for the upkeep of five such cars was $152.72 each per month, without counting in chauffeur's wages, repairs, or depreciation. If an equal sum is added for these items, the total is $305.44, or about $75 a week! The luxurious scale of living suggested by such an expenditure for one "town car" alone forms an interesting foot-note to current economic history.

A pathetic letter from a hired man is published in a farm paper. He says he has been a hired man for fourteen years and has held many different jobs. He would like to stay in one place, but "the room usually assigned me spoils it all. It is usually over the back kitchen or woodshed, very cold in winter and just the opposite in summer. It generally contains no furniture but an old broken chair, a small stand, and a very indifferent bed. After spending a week or a month in such a room a man is glad to pack up and move on." He appeals to farmers to give their hired men a comfortable room and bed if they wish to solve the hired help problem. Now we should like to hear the farmer's side.

Delaware is to have a new highway which will extend the entire length of the State, from the Maryland boundary to the Pennsylvania boundary, and which will open up a large amount of country that has not as yet known the benefits derived from good roads. The highway is a gift to the State from Mr. Coleman du Pont, and will be called by his name.

One of the largest undertaking establishments in the country, which is erecting a new building in New York City, is reported to be fitting up its roof with a landing-stage for aircraft, for the purpose of conducting funerals by aeroplane! The head of this company made this statement in a recent address: "They laughed," he said, "when we talked of funerals by automobile to supersede the old horse-drawn hearse, and they may laugh at this; but it is coming, and I intend to be the one to introduce it."

Napoleon's favorite actor—for the Emperor enjoyed the theater in the intervals between his arduous campaigns—is said to have been Talma, the famous tragedian. A curious corroboration of this statement is found in Fraunces' Tavern, in New York, noted as the place of Washington's farewell to his officers at the end of the Revolutionary War. Among the hundreds of interesting relics preserved in cases in the upper floor of the old inn is a handsome gold watch presented to Talma by Napoleon in 1809, according to an inscription on the dial. Another historic watch in the same case was carried by Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge and was used to "time the execution of Major André."

What is the difference between a "marksman" and a "sharpshooter"? The United States army carefully discriminates those words. On a poster before a recruiting station for soldiers in New York City is this announcement: "Good shots receive extra pay: marksmen $2, sharpshooters $3, expert riflemen $5." A young man in khaki, who was parading along the sidewalk near the poster for the purpose of answering the questions of possible recruits, explained these terms. "A marksman," he said, "is a man who can hit a target; a sharpshooter is one who can make a bull's-eye at a considerable distance; and an expert rifleman is one who is so handy with his gun that he can hit anything while it is on the run."

John Adams, according to the diary of Edward Everett Hale just published in "Harper's Magazine," once complained of the deliberation of the Continental Congress in these words: "If any one should move that two and two made four, we should debate it for two days and bring up every argument, historical, logical, rhetorical, and mathematical, and then should pass the motion *unanimously* in the affirmative."

A member of the English Parliament, Mr. Percy Alden, who is known to the readers of The Outlook on account of many contributions to its pages, is about to visit the United States to make a series of addresses on behalf of relief work in Belgium, on behalf of the English Friends, or Quakers (who, while not willing to fight, are carrying on a remarkable hospital work for the soldiers), and on behalf of the Council for the Study of International Relations, of which Lord Bryce is President. The last-named movement will attract more and more attention with the close of the war, when that "consummation devoutly to be wished" approaches. Any requests for information about Mr. Alden's work may be addressed to The Outlook.

A new kind of traveling bag has a handle which is hinged to the inside and disappears when the bag is closed and locked. When the wrong man makes a grab for this bag, he discovers his mistake at once, for a bag without a handle is not easily carried off.

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